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The Australian

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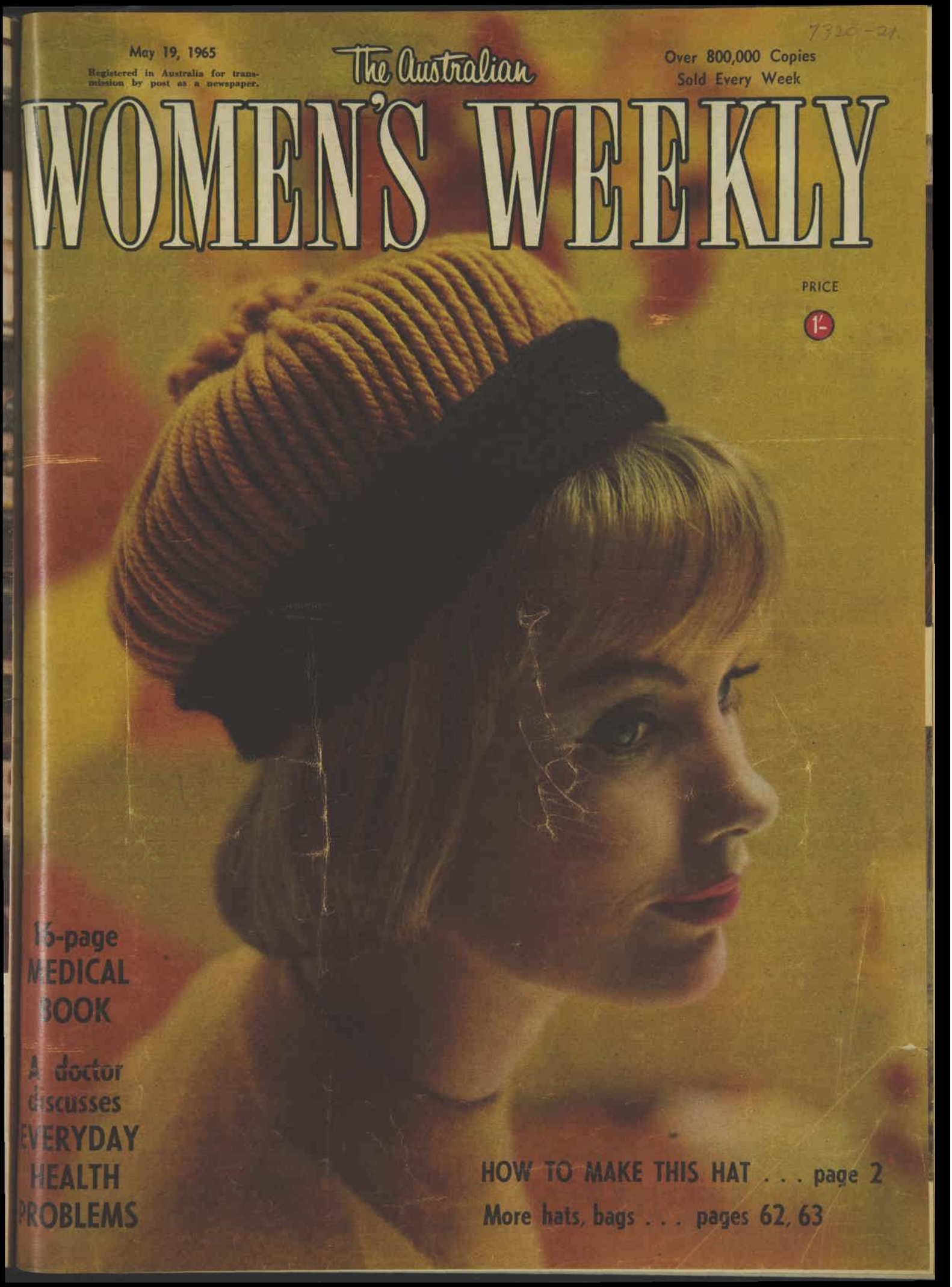

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HOW TO MAKE THIS HAT . . . page 2

More hats, bags . . . pages 62, 63

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WORTH REPORTING

MISS ADRIAN KEITH COHEN'S reason for not having a second language is that she is too busy touring foreign countries.

This Australian is travel editor for the *Guardian* in England, a position that means travel all over the world for about six months each year.

"I don't speak any foreign language at all. Isn't it shameful? I swear I'll never go abroad again without another language, but if you're always going abroad you haven't got time," she told us.

At present she is spending 11 weeks touring Australia to prepare a travel supplement for her newspaper.

London has been Miss Cohen's headquarters for the past 15 years.

She never gets tired of travelling. "Everything in tourism changes all the time—otherwise we'd all be out of a job!" she said.

"I left Australia really at the point of the most tremendous development since the days of the early settlers. The whole tone and character of the place has changed enormously."

The *Guardian* supplement on Australia will be printed in the northern winter, about November, when everyone starts to think about planning a holiday. "Sun and sand are always going to win hands down if you live in England, where the climate is pretty grim," she commented.

MISS COHEN

★ ★ ★

FROM *Pontefract, Yorkshire, Mrs. Pauline E. Blackburn writes: "I claim that my copy of* The Australian Women's Weekly *is the dizziest. A nurse friend in Wooroloo sends it to me in England. I lend it around my family and then to the Wakefield Writers' Circle, where it often reaches Liverpool, Middlesborough, and Birmingham.*

"When it comes back I cut out all the 'how to make' features and send them to Nigeria to help African housewives in a practical aids scheme. I now hear that some of these items are passed on throughout Africa!

"If that's not world-wide coverage, then I don't know what is."

Mental hunger

"I WONDER if you could help me — I am an independent missionary living alone among the forgotten ones of remote Sumatra," writes Dr. Anne Breets.

"The people in this part of the globe are hungry for good reading material, and all they can see are the Red magazines now being flooded throughout South-East Asia.

"As I intend to start some reading-rooms for them, I should be very grateful for any unused magazines your readers might care to donate — women's magazines, children's, and anything of general interest, except *Time* and *Life*, which are banned in this country."

Magazines should be strongly packed and sent by book post (not parcel post), clearly addressed to:

Dr. A. Breets,
PR: Mr. S. A. Aziz,
Rengat-Riau,
Sumatra,
Indonesia.

OUR COVER

● You can have a chic little crocheted toque just like our cover girl's if you follow these directions:

Materials: One 2oz. skein Patons Turkey Rug Wool in main color; 1 ball Patons Totem Knitting Yarn in contrast color; No. 8 Phantom crochet hook; a hat shape approximately 7in. diameter by 3in. deep; lining to cover shape in main color; sewing thread to match.

TO MAKE

Cover shape with lining. Cut 112 pieces of rug wool each 14in. long. Take 3 lengths, fold in half and with needle and thread gather together firmly 1in. below fold. Make 12. Now gather the 12 together at join to form "top knot" and stitch to top of crown, drawing ends evenly over top of shape. Pin into position and, where gaps occur, fill in with remaining strands, stitching groups of 3 strands together underneath the "top-knot." Now stitch each strand into position about 1in. from lower edge of shape. Cut wool ½in. below stitching.

CROCHET BAND

With Totem yarn make 104 ch. Work 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, then 1 d.c. into each ch. to end. Turn each row with 1 ch.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c. taking up both loops.

Rep. 2nd row 8 times, working last row more loosely. Fasten off.

Stitch band round hat as illustrated, placing foundation chain to edge of shape. Line hat.

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COUNTESS OBLIGES SIRIKIT

..... Designer of French costume jewels takes over Thai silk fashions

SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES are used in costume jewellery by Countess Zoltowska. Metals include dull silver and beaten copper.

COUNTESS ZOLTOWSKA'S wardrobe includes interchangeable tops of Thai silk with a turquoise skirt of the same material. Here the shawl collar top is pink. Earrings and brooch are pieces from her costume jewellery collection.

A SMALL but very exotic collection of clothes will be shown in November in the Thai Pavilion at the International Trade Fair in Sydney by a Hungarian countess who is better known as CIS, designer of modern jewellery.

Countess Zoltowska, a personal friend of Queen Sirikit, was invited a year ago to the royal palace in Bangkok "to do for Thai silk what you have done for contemporary jewellery."

The result is smart, most wearable fashions in the exciting colors of the East.

This is the first time they will be seen in Australia, though they sell in London, New York, and San Francisco.

The Countess said: "I do hope you like them. I'm sure such beautiful color is something Australian women have a real feeling for."

She showed me her wardrobe for the trip — and every outfit was in Thai silk.

"I never wear anything else," she said, "and not one piece has ever had an iron on it."

She had just flown back from Bangkok when I met her, and in her elegant Paris home, alongside her collection of Thai-silk dresses, was her latest modern jewellery.

It is the most expensive costume jewellery in the world and has been exhibited in the Louvre.

Countess Zoltowska is a pint-sized dynamo of Austro-Hungarian and Spanish background whose talents for designing both jewellery and clothes have come naturally and without training.

When she fled Hungary and arrived penniless in Paris she started making ceramic buttons that were quickly taken up by the late Jacques Fath, who designed special blouses for them.

After that came her jewellery, so imaginative, modern, and exquisite that it has been worn by some of the world's best-dressed women, from the Duchess of Windsor to the Countess de Ribes to Queen Sirikit, who owns the most beautiful and valuable.

Today CIS lives in a world of jewels and exotic silks. She even hangs them on the branches of a tree in her salon and pins jewelled peacocks on her walls.

Couturiers for whom she designs her jewel pieces include Balenciaga, Capucci, Givenchy, and Castillo.

Flying from her workrooms in Paris to her workrooms in Bangkok is nothing to the Countess, who frequently does it.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

"I do my designing either in the air or beside a Bangkok swimming-pool, with its warmth and lovely Eastern birds and flowers, which gives me inspiration for my jewels," she said. "In Paris, the atmosphere inspires me for the clothes — which must be French."

Countess Zoltowska, who lost her real jewels when she fled Hungary, said: "I never thought then I would build up a collection which today is almost as priceless — though I don't claim to imitate the real thing. A woman who has real diamonds doesn't need mine."

Her jewellery has inspired some hair fashions and fashion colors.

Her own hair is waist length, and she has never been to a hairdresser's.

"I hate all those new hairdos — everyone looking alike," she said. "So I do my own in my own style. Besides, I would never find time to sit at the hairdresser's."

The Countess refuses to sleep more than four hours a night. "People sleep too much," she says. "I like to enjoy myself."

She has learned to speak Thai.

YELLOW Thai silk two-piece is worn by Countess Zoltowska. Pinned to the jumper is a cabochon brooch, one of the newest pieces in her jewel collection. Her elegant Paris home contains many objets d'art.

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. . . and you'll find plenty of party ideas — including special cakes like the clock-stopper here — to delight small gourmets in our colorful eight-page lift-out

Children's Party Book

☆ ★ ☆

Billy Butlin's pet leopard wasn't welcome . . . but then there's nothing *beastly* about the world's best-known luxury hotel, the Savoy of London — and you'll read fascinating anecdotes about the great and the famous in Part 1 of "THE SAVOY."

☆ ★ ☆

MATCH-MATE SWEATERS

Yes, indeed. You'll be a smart twosome in our "His" and "Hers" handknits.

Count luck in the six qualities for success

— And luck comes through friendships, says author with a formula for being somebody.

IN SYDNEY, American author Mr. Fred B. Manchee and his wife, Gladys, shopped for souvenir boomerangs and koalas.

● There's luck in having a lot of friends, according to the author of *The Secret of Being A Somebody*, retired American advertising executive Mr. Fred B. Manchee.

By MARY COLES

WITH his wife, Gladys, Mr. Manchee has been on a three weeks' fact-finding tour of Australia, researching for a series of articles.

"Lucky breaks may seem to occur by chance," he said. "But looking back, you'll nearly always find they have come through contact with people well disposed toward you.

"Sometimes, all that's needed to start luck orbiting in your direction is being friendly and passing the time of day with a stranger in a train or restaurant.

"Luck comes to those who put themselves in a position to catch it.

"The more friends and pleasant acquaintances you accumulate, the greater your ratio for being in line with luck whenever it's around."

Mr. Manchee stresses, however, that to grasp the *Secret of Being A Somebody* formula, luck must be regarded merely as a by-product of a genuine regard for others.

He explained that friendliness had to become a built-in state of mind, not just a charm act to be switched on for cultivating people considered likely to be "useful."

An advertising man steeped in market research before writing his book, Mr. Manchee "researched" to find out the common characteristics shared by likeable and successful people.

The cross-section he examined ranged from famous biblical and historical personalities to friends and big-time business associates.

He said the survey revealed the six qualities that spelt success were resourcefulness, instinctiveness, thoughtfulness, nervous apprehension, luck, and zeal — which he interprets as an enthusiasm which overrides clockwatching on the job.

Mr. Manchee then mapped out a system for people to determine their own score on each of these counts, and a series of self-improvement exercises and advice on how to develop them more fully.

After meeting Mr. Manchee, you feel he might well have added a chapter to his book on "How Not To Get Carried Away By Success When You Are A Somebody."

Tall, suntanned, with silver hair and a low-pitched, well-modulated voice, his unassuming manner and conservative tailoring put him in the opposite category to the popular image of high-powered advertising executives.

He began his career going from house to house asking American housewives their favorite brand of ketchup.

Even kissing has been subjected to research by Mr. Manchee.

In a promotion campaign for a silverware company, it was decided to feature advertising pictures of a pretty girl being kissed.

Then the question arose: Should the girl be shown with her eyes open or shut?

"We put the question to a group of young ladies," said Mr. Manchee. "Three-fourths closed their eyes when they kissed.

"So the ad. showed the girl being kissed with her eyes closed."

Mr. Manchee said that, as a young man, he entered into

But friendliness must not be a "charm act"

Yet at the time of his retirement he had gone about as far as ad. men dream of going: to Executive Vice-President and Treasurer of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn.

Internationally known by the initials BBDO (which comedian Jack Benny says remind him of the sound of a trunk falling downstairs), it is the world's fourth largest advertising firm.

Mr. Manchee dismisses his rise to the top with, "I happened to be with the company when it grew."

This period covered 32 years.

The son of a small manufacturer, and the middle member of a family of eight, Mr. Manchee said that as a boy, growing up in clothes discarded by elder brothers, he felt far from being "A Somebody."

a conspiracy with himself to retire at 55 and devote his time to travelling and writing.

"I was able to meet this time-table when I reached 55, seven years ago," he said.

Since then, as well as *The Secret of Being A Somebody*, he has published *The Huckster's Revenge*, a lively defence of advertising, and a series of where-to-dine guides.

Mr. Manchee smilingly confides that the dining-out guides were "born of hunger."

"My wife doesn't like cooking, and as I'm always hungry we've made wide research on eating out," he said.

"Gladys and I team on these books. I judge the food and she researches the decor, the quality of the tableware, and ladies' room amenities."

Mr. Manchee's highest accolade for a restaurant is a "MacA." award signifying the famous wartime promise by General MacArthur—"I Will Return."

His guide to *Where to Eat on Cape Cod* is about to go into its third edition.

Turning his eye for research on himself, Mr. Manchee estimates that one summer he ate his own weight in lobster dishes dining out at Cape Cod.

When he multiplied the number of lobsters he had ordered by their approximate weight of 2½lb. each, the answer equalled his own weight.

The Manchees have an apartment at Ridgewood, New Jersey, and a summer residence at Cape Cod, three miles from Hyannis Port, where members of the Kennedy family have seaside homes on an estate enclosed by a white picket fence.

Mr. and Mrs. Manchee said that Mrs. Jackie Kennedy and her children still spent a lot of time at their Hyannis Port home.

They belong to the same golf club, and met Mrs. Kennedy on the links one day when she was taking lessons from a professional.

Mr. Manchee even applied the principles of market research to wooing his wife.

She caught his eye as Gladys Miller, one of an elder brother's girlfriends, but they had never met.

He bided his time until he learned she was holidaying at a resort in New Jersey, which he also was visiting. He wrote, asking her to fill in and return a postcard questionnaire he had compiled.

It read:

"I Will Have A Date With You."

"I Will Not Have A Date With You."

She answered: "Yes."

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PRINCESS AND GOON'S WIFE. Margaret and Mrs. Peter Sellers (Britt Eklund) drive together (above) to one of history's most unusual royal birthday parties. AT LEFT: The Queen wore emerald lace and a mink. She arrives with Princess Anne.

Royals and Goons go gay together

● Princess Margaret gave a 39th birthday party for the Queen on her real birthday, April 21, inviting Goons Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan and their wives.

EVERYONE went back to Kensington Palace, where Margaret lives, after seeing Spike Milligan in *Son of Oblomov* at the Comedy Theatre in the West End.

The party which drove from Windsor to the theatre included Prince Philip, Princess Anne, Prince Charles, Princess Margaret, Lord Snowdon, Peter Sellers, and his wife, Britt Eklund.

They sat in the fifth row of the stalls and were soon laughing at Milligan.

Spike Milligan, arch Goon, superb nut, and latest recruit to royal favor, said of Margaret's Kensington Palace spread: "It was just like going over to dinner with the Fred Joneses."

Chocolate cake

The Irish Goon and his wife, Paddy, left the party at 4 a.m. in their mini-car.

He took the art of Goonery right into Margaret's home.

After the best end of lamb and a chocolate birthday cake cut by the Queen, Milligan forgot the warning by Peter Sellers to lay off the funny business over the dinner table. He dragged Sellers into a two-man Goon show in front of the assembled royals.

LORD SNOWDON leaves the Comedy Theatre with Britt Eklund, followed by Peter Sellers (picture at left), to drive to Kensington Palace for the supper party given by Princess Margaret. AT RIGHT: Prince Philip and Prince Charles arrive at the Comedy Theatre.

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Women drivers ended the chauffeurs' reign

—says veteran, aged 82.

● "When ladies began to drive cars, a chauffeur's days were numbered," said 82-year-old Mr. Bill Todd, of North Balwyn, Victoria, chauffeur to a leading Melbourne family for half a century.

BILL TODD with his licence, numbered 2593, which he got about 58 years ago for 2/6. Last year Bill taught his grandson, Graeme Todd, to drive. Graeme's licence number is 1,673,133.

"IN the old days, I remember a lot of chauffeurs getting hunted out when the mistress of the house learnt to drive and got her own car," he said.

And, when the veteran driver of 58 years was asked the 64-dollar question about women drivers, he hedged gallantly and said he wouldn't commit himself.

But he did say that he was proud of the women he had taught to drive and that maybe women drivers were more polite than men.

Bill Todd was Melbourne's best-known active chauffeur until he retired in 1963.

"I never lost a day's pay," he said. "I still would have kept on going if it hadn't been for the firm's new policy of retirement at 65.

"But, oh, dear, they were good to me, they treated me like a king," he said, referring to members of the biscuit-making Guest family.

Bill ("Now you don't have to call me Mr. Todd," he said) is a lovable character—a man who smiles as he talks.

In suit, bow tie, and hat, he's out every day in his new saloon car—driving into the city to look up pals . . . off 50 miles to Geelong to see a sick friend.

Hunting, too

Each year he goes to Perth for a couple of months to stay with friends. (Last year in Perth he jumped on a horse at a hunt club point to point and won a prize for the oldest rider.)

Bill likes a beer, has just given up smoking on doctor's orders, and goes to films as a hobby.

As with women drivers, Bill is difficult to pin down on the subject of men drivers, automatic gears, and cars.

He explained: "I've got into awful trouble over the years shouting my mouth off about such things. Because I've been driving so long without a conviction, people take notice of me."

He did have a few words to say about young drivers in the hope "that they might take notice of an old bloke."

"Some of them are absolutely silly," he said. "They chop in and out trying to get ahead and cut you out of the line. That's just plain selfish and rude."

And because he began his driving days in a De Dion, he is slightly scornful of automatic gears. Not because they don't make driving easier, they make it too easy.

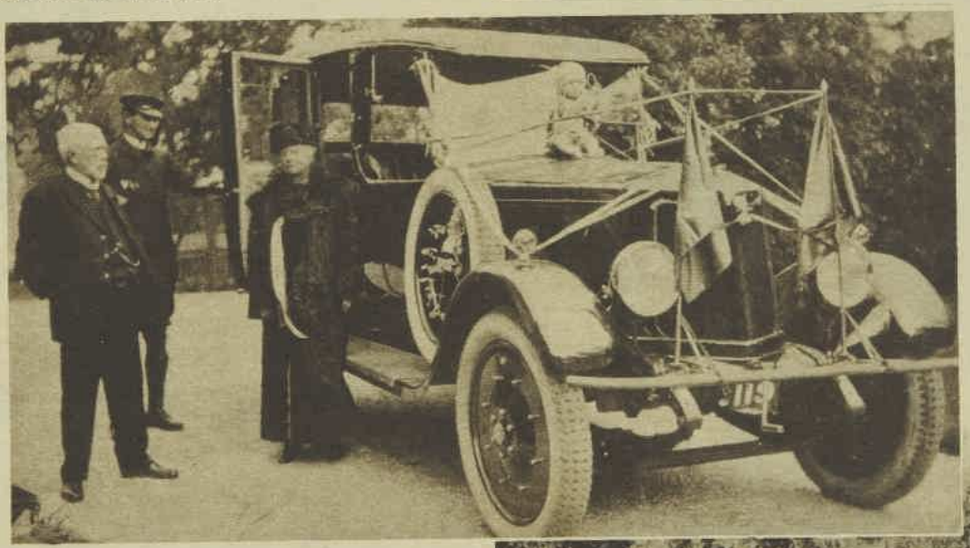
"I like to swop my own cogs and do the work," he said.

Of old cars Bill said candidly: "They had pretty crook brakes."

Before he retired, Bill was chauffeur to the late Mr. E. L. G. Guest and Mrs. Guest.

Originally he worked for Mr. Guest's grandmother, Mrs. T. B. Guest.

He taught Mr. Guest's wife to drive, "and a very good driver she is," he said.



LEFT: In the early 1900s, Bill Todd opened the door of an Armstrong-Siddeley for Mrs. T. B. Guest and her son, Mr. Tom Guest. Bill had decorated the car for Melbourne's Head of the River.

BELOW: Merry outing in 1908 at Linton, Victoria. Bill drove the children in an 8 h.p. De Dion. Their parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Webb, followed in a Ford.

But he winced when recalling another pupil, a Melbourne socialite, who drove her Mercedes-Benz from Melbourne to Ferntree Gully in one gear.

Bill is now writing his life story, but this will not include his intimate memoirs as a chauffeur.

"Even a retired chauffeur has his ethics," said Bill. "What's more, I'm not giving any more interviews. This is the last.

"My daughter gets cranky with me. She says I get too excited talking about the old days."

When he speaks of the old days he smiles widely, and brings out a sheaf of pictures from a little brown case full of clippings and old letters.

The photographs are of many of the cars he has driven over the years—Lancias, De Dion Boutons, Fords, Armstrong-Siddeleys, five Rolls-Royces (he usually drove himself home in one), Dennises, Buicks, Jaguars, Dodges — just about everything but a hot-pink roadster.

One of his first tasks when he became chauffeur to Mrs. T. B. Guest was to decorate her Armstrong-Siddeley for the Head of the River.

The car, with its enormous wheels and high running-board, had the registration number 119 — Mrs. Guest's Hawthorn telephone number.

He made such an artistic job with flags, a dressed doll, and streamers that Mrs. Guest's elder son, Tom, gave him three guineas.

In those days Bill looked very much the top chauffeur in a peaked cap, a navy suit with a high, white, stiffened collar, and leather leggings.

At first, he said, he took umbrage when, in 1909, his first Melbourne employer, brewery tycoon Mr. Peter Grant Hay, asked him to wear a uniform.

"I took one look at the brass buttons and leggings and said, 'Cripes, what will the girls think?' " he explained.

By
CLAUDIA WRIGHT

As Mr. Grant Hay's chauffeur, Bill drove an Itala and was often tipped in gold sovereigns and glasses of champagne.

A year before driving for Mr. Grant Hay, Bill had been chauffeuring Dr. A. B. Webb around his hometown, Linton, near Ballarat, in a Ford and an 8 h.p. De Dion. They were Linton's first cars, and Bill, a boundary rider before then, taught himself to drive them.

"The De Dion went 35 miles an hour, down hill," said Bill.

After a year with Mr. Grant Hay, Bill became Mr. Justice Hood's chauffeur, driving a Russell.

From the judge, he went to work for the Guest family.

"The family changed cars like lightning," said Bill. "Every year they bought big new American cars. Mrs. T. B. Guest owned the first imported Hudson in Australia. It arrived in pieces.

"I used to test cars like Minervas and Hudsons on the Geelong Road for the family, and we'd do up to 100 miles an hour."

Normally Bill was never one for speeding and today seldom does over 40. He has had only one accident, when someone bumped into the back of his car.

And no one ever suggests giving Bill a lift anywhere. Unused to being driven, he has a horror of being a passenger.

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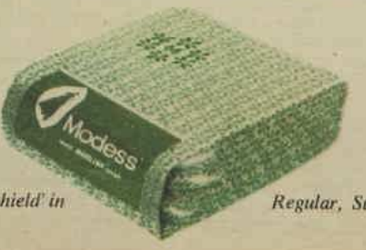

Exclusive full-length 'safety shield' in Regular, Super and Vee-Form by Modess

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• ***Sir George's bagpipes really started something!***

The family band is now on LP

(as the Caledonian Casuals)

"HOW could I get to the Snowy River scheme?" Lady Harvie-Watt asked me over a cup of tea in her luxury hotel suite in Sydney. "Here I am on my fourth trip to Australia and I still haven't seen it. It sounds so magnificent."

I told her the first thing was to take a plane to Cooma.

By
MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

"Well, this time I'm going to try," she said, "but we have so little time. Usually we only see the capital cities."

This charming, down-to-earth Englishwoman leads a hectic life as the wife of Scots industrialist Sir George Harvie-Watt, currently on his fourth flying visit as chairman of Consolidated Gold Fields (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

The pace is even faster than it was in the 28 years her husband was an MP, a political career which began in 1931 when he won the seat for Keighley, Yorkshire.

Before retirement from politics in 1959 he had been ADC to King George VI and to Queen Elizabeth II, and for six years was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Winston Churchill.

He was created a Baronet in 1946.

New mines

For six months of the year Lady Harvie-Watt travels about the world with her husband as he attends to his mining interests.

(She has turned the first sods of two new goldmines in south Africa and launched a trawler in Aberdeen which will provide fish for the miners.

On arrival in Sydney this trip she laid the foundation stone of Gold Fields House, Sydney Cove, the new £5,000,000 HQ of Sir George's company.)

The other six months she is home — busy entertaining overseas business associates.

Lady Harvie-Watt prefers weekend house parties at their Scottish country mansion, "Earlsneuk," to entertaining at their London flat near fashionable Belgrave Square.

She may have 24 house-guests, and did recently after a company conference in Edinburgh, 40 miles away. And there were 90 people to lunch.

"Earlsneuk" is built of dark grey local stone on 12 acres near the little village of Elie. The waters of the Firth of Forth are on three sides, and there is a golf course on the fourth.

It isn't old by British standards, being built in 1880.

The Harvie-Watts moved in in 1944 after selling Sir George's ancestral home, which, says his wife, "was too vast for anyone to feel comfortable in."

Lady Harvie-Watt, with a flair for interior decoration, set about filling its light pastel reception-rooms with antique furniture.

She particularly prizes a Chippendale dining - suite, rare old Welsh oak dressers, and a small oak table she "picked up for £3" on an antique-hunting expedition in Edinburgh.

Cromwellian

"You see," she told me, "when I spied it in a little junk shop it was very dilapidated, but its basic shape was so attractive I decided to buy it and have it cleaned up.

"Imagine my delight when it turned out to be a rare Cromwellian table!"

Said Lady Harvie-Watt: "My family calls me an incurable collector. It's not only antiques."

"Earlsneuk" also houses:

A reference library of 3000 books;

A valuable collection of Staffordshire pottery;

A collection of hats from all over the world (including an Australian Digger hat she took back from an earlier visit);

A collection of rare military messenger pouches ("inspired by my husband's hobby — soldiering");

A collection of seven Parliament Clocks. (These are huge wooden pendulum clocks, usually in a lacquer case, sometimes banjo-shaped. They have enormous, clear faces so everyone can see the time easily — because in 1791 a tax was put on time-pieces, and only the rich could afford them.);

A collection of often-used bamboo beer mugs from Australia.

LADY HARVIE-WATT, down-to-earth and charming, enjoys her hectic life of travel — but looks forward to quiet retirement in Scotland.

"The hats and military pouches are in a library whose walls are literally papered with photographs taken since our marriage in 1931," said Lady Harvie-Watt.

"Guests are always fascinated by these pictures. They spend hours scanning the walls."

(Among the photographs are autographed ones of former British Prime Ministers Stanley Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain, and Winston Churchill.)

The only "square" thing about the young Harvie-Watts is their Eightsome Reel.

Another favorite "Earlsneuk" room is a music-room, affectionately known as the Under 50's Club.

"It's renowned for its noise," she said. "My children entertain their friends in it, and as honorary members Sir George and I are delighted when we're invited in for a drink at the bar!"

The "children" are James, 25, an accountant in London, Euan, 22, who works in London for a firm of brokers, and Rachel, 21, an Arts undergraduate at St. Andrew's University, Scotland.

"They are an enterprising lot," said their mother, fondly. "They are part of a six-piece Scottish dance-band, and they have cut two LP records as the Caledonian Casuals.

"They're in great demand for parties and coming-out dances, but best of all they have played before the royal family at the Highland Society Ball at Claridges for the past two years."

Sir George taught his sons to play the bagpipes and drums.

"It developed into quite a family thing," said Lady Harvie-Watt. "James went on to piano accordion, Rachel played piano or double-bass. I even learned the clarinet.

"But when the boys were at Eton three fellow-Etonians joined the group, and these five and Rachel are now the Caledonian Casuals."

James and Euan Harvie-Watt live mostly at the Belgravia flat.

It is on the second floor of a Georgian house, which was once the home of Sir Alexander Korda.

Lady Harvie-Watt has taken great pride in decorating it with Adam furniture and a color scheme of gold, white, and Adam-green, the traditional decorative medallions picked out in contrasting colors—an elegant setting for the small dinner parties she loves to give when in London.

Three treasured portraits hang in this flat.

One is of her son Euan, by Mrs. June Forrest, wife of his house-master at Eton. It hangs over the white marble fireplace in the small sitting-room.

The others are of her husband and her elder son, James, both in the full Highland dress of the Macdougal Clan.

They were painted in London last year by Australian artist Paul Fitzgerald.

For all her highly social life, Lady Harvie-Watt dresses quietly. She cares little about fashion.

"Clothes are a secondary thing to the other interests in my life," she says. "I'd rather play 18 holes of golf than see a fashion show."

Smaller house

With "Earlsneuk" only 14 miles from St. Andrew's golf course, she can indulge her preference often.

She looks forward to the day when she and Sir George will retire to a quiet country life in a smaller house, somewhere in Scotland.

"But in the meantime," she said, "I shall live every minute of every day to the fullest."

HEAD of big gold interests, Sir George Harvie-Watt was knighted in 1946.

SON AND HEIR: James Harvie-Watt is an officer in the London-Scottish Regiment.

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VICTORIAN balcony of Hungry Horse Gallery in Paddington. Owner Betty O'Neill (pictured) often relaxes here.

• NEW people, NEW ideas and projects and interests, a touch of fresh paint — and the OLD, OLD friendliness

PLEASANT PADDINGTON

Story by Patricia Kent, pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

"THE old place is coming alive again," said Mrs. Edna Cox, of Windsor Street, and she looked affectionately at the rows of terrace houses down the hillside.

The "old place" — Sydney's Paddington — is where Mrs. Cox and hundreds like her were born and raised. They've spent their lives there and can't imagine living anywhere else.

For nearly 100 years Paddington, on the fringe of the city, had dozed in the sun, the young families gradually moving to mushrooming suburbs out of town.

The oldsters stayed on, reluctant to move away from lifelong neighbors, lifelong patterns of living.

But now there's new life pulsing through the old streets. The families are coming back — those who have ancestral roots there, and "strangers" who see something special in Paddo.

Paddington was one of the first working-class suburbs in Sydney. Although there were a few large homes there in the 1830s most of the development came later.

After Victoria Barracks was built in 1838, cottages and terraces were built to house the soldiers' families.

Later, as more people arrived to settle and transport became easier, early residents moved farther out. By 1910 Paddington had begun to acquire a down-at-heel, faintly disreputable air.

By 1930 Sydney residents cold-shouldered the area altogether. "Slum," they said with a shrug.

Only the residents of Paddington knew what they had.

"There's one thing that Paddington always had," recalled Mrs. Cox, "and that's a friendly heart. The people here care about each other."

And the "strangers" agree.

Poet John Thompson, an old-new resident (he's been there 13 years — ages to those who've just moved in, but "just moved in" to those born there), is convinced there's nowhere else to live.

He's the prime mover behind the Paddington Society — a newly formed group of old and new residents who want to preserve and improve their suburb.

"My wife, Pat, and I had hardly heard of Paddington 13 years ago," he said. "We were sick of living miles away from the city.

"Then we saw this place. It was dark and gloomy, but as soon as we walked through the door we felt it had been loved, so we bought it, and it's the happiest house we've ever lived in."

Mr. Thompson believes that living in Paddington is good for the soul — and especially good for children.

"Kids lose their identity in those huge sprawling suburbs," he said. "People don't know each other, and don't want to. There are few amenities and nothing for them to do.

"Here there's a marvellously strong community spirit and, with the city so close, lots of places for the children to go."

Many of the new Paddingtonians are creative people — artists, writers, actors, architects, decorators.

There are people like Gordon Chater and Mr. and Mrs. Ron Patten (actress Wendy Blacklock), who have tiny 12ft.-wide terraces next to each other.

Artists like Leonard Hessing, David Strachan, Donald Friend, Tom Clegghorn, and William Rose. Architects like Peter Muller and Don Gazzard (chairman of the launching committee of the Society) and his wife, potter Maria Gazzard.

Tradition

What is it that these people — usually travelled, sophisticated, extroverted — love in the closely settled area of Paddo?

Mr. Henry Holland, formerly of the British Foreign Office, who now runs an antique shop, came to Paddington because he liked the people. He has lived in Rangoon, Paris, Greece, Noumea, England.

"It's not that Paddington streets remind you of anywhere in particular," he said, giving the lie to those who see Paris and Chelsea, "but the life is Continental.

"People, I think, are beginning to reacquire a consciousness of their forefathers — they are taking a second look at the old values."

Which echoed the thought of John Thompson: "We need to develop cultural roots — to take nourishment from our history and tradition. And this is what all of us find in Paddington."

POET John Thompson and wife, Patricia, outside their home. They walled in the front of the house to form a quiet brick-paved terrace.

THEATRE personalities Wendy Blacklock (Mrs. Ron Patten) and Gordon Chater have neighboring terraces. The child is Wendy's two-year-old Nicole.

MRS. EILEEN MALTBY in the backyard of her antique shop in Gurner Street. The house is nearly 100 years old.

"JUNIPER HALL," oldest mansion in Paddington, was built in 1824 for Robert Cooper, who had interests in a gin distillery in Cascade Street (site of a spring). The house is divided into eight 13½-square flats.

"DORSET HOUSE," tucked away in Underwood Lane, belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Zindler, who've lived there for 18 months with Chico the poodle.

The proposed Paddington Arts Centre is to be built on a third-of-an-acre site in Underwood Street for an estimated £125,000. Shares will be issued and it will be run as a co-operative.

There will be an art gallery, design school, bookshop, restaurant, coffee lounge, five flats, and an interior decorating shop to be run by Lady Marion Hall Best.

Patrons are Sir Lorimer Dods and Miss Winifred West, and the directors are Mr. Adrian Henchman, Dr. N. M. Kater, Lady Hall Best, Mrs. Jack Egan, Mr. Owen Tooth, Mr. Peter Chambers, Mr. Carl Nielsen.

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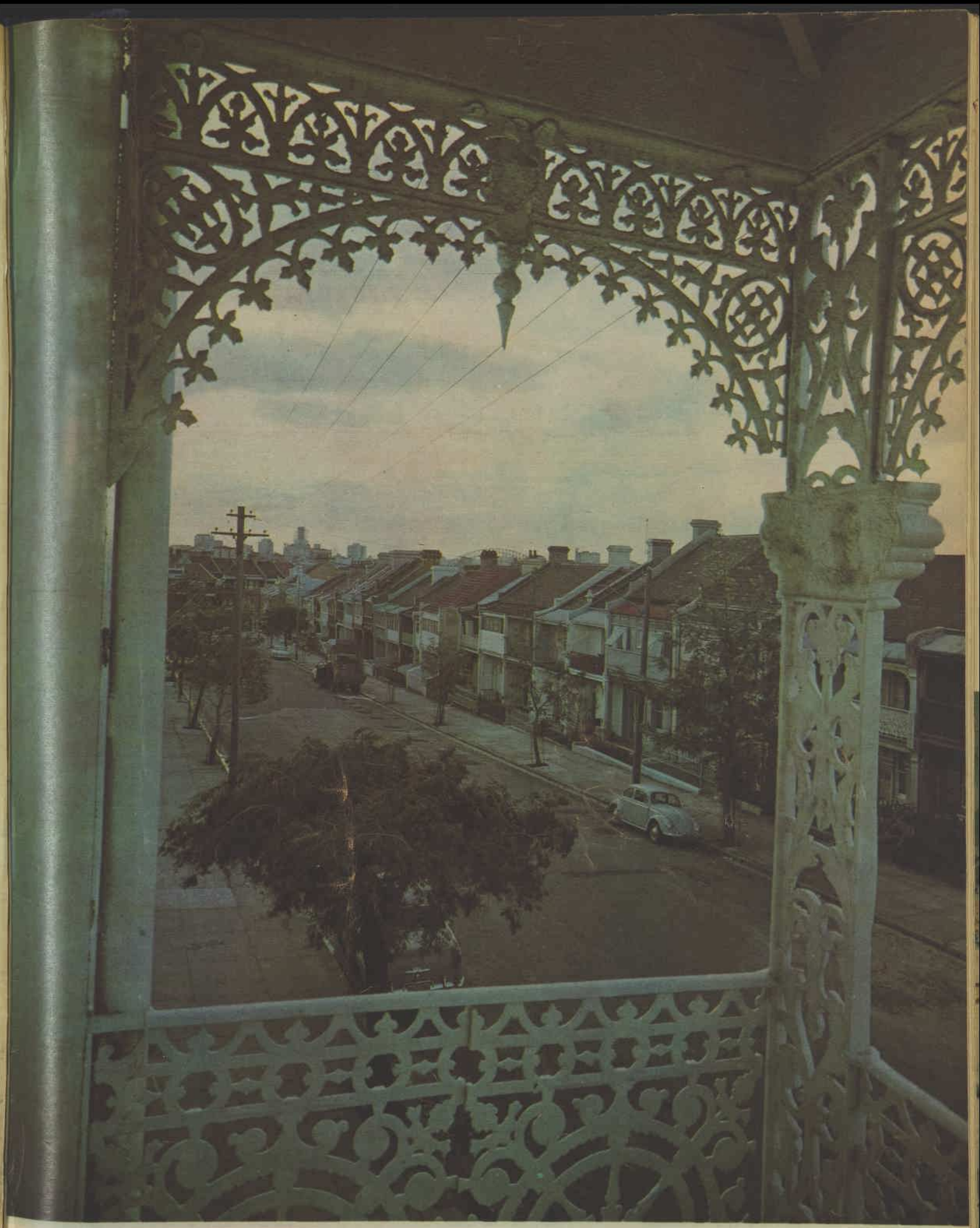

THROUGH THE LOVELY iron lace of the Hungry Horse Gallery, a picture of Windsor Street, one of the prettiest in Paddington. Said gallery owner Betty O'Neill: "It's quiet around here — there is time to think, time to talk, and time to create. The artists feel a kind of unity about the district. The whole area is just for living in."

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND GOOD STORES

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

MRS. RADA PENFOLD RUSSELL and Mrs. Elizabeth Gage Hardy will be hostesses at a buffet luncheon at "Springmead Farm," Ingleburn, following the opening Meet of Hounds of the Sydney Hunt Club on May 16.

Fortified by stirrup cup to combat the nip in the early morning air, more than 100 riders dressed in colorful pink and blue coats will set off from the farm at 9 a.m.

Mrs. Hardy will be riding her horse, Ricci, and, although Mrs. Russell won't be on horseback, her daughter, Rebel, will be on her new horse, Playboy, which was bought for her at the Royal Easter Show.

Rebel has asked Kerry O'Donnell, of Burradoo, and another friend, Karen Lewis, to ride with her.

At the conclusion of the hunt, guests will be served glasses of "Black Velvet" on the patio surrounding the swimming-pool before they enjoy the buffet meal, feature of which will be a whole sucking pig.

★ ★ ★

COUNTRY wedding of interest on May 22 is that of Valerie Driver and Frank Dunin at St. Michael's Church, Deniliquin, when Valerie will be attended by her sister, Helen, Robin Broadbent, of Mooroopna, Mrs. Michael Sage, of Melbourne, and tiny flowergirl Kerry MacDonald. On the following day, before guests start their homeward journeys, Valerie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Driver, have asked them to a luncheon at their home, "Marong," Conargo.

★ ★ ★

JUST-ENGAGED: Helen Fraser, of "Langley," Guyra, and Robert Croft, of "Wongalee," Uralla, who chose the Barraba Picnic Races to make the announcement.

★ ★ ★

HIGHLIGHT of the Family Barbecue Day at Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pritchard's property, "Wingello," at Pennant Hills, on June 6, will be an exhibition by some of their 200 homing pigeons. More than 500 guests are expected by the Lewisham Hospital Ball Committee, which is arranging the day.

★ ★ ★

QUICK trip to Hobart in June for Mrs. Adrian Gray when she leaves her small son, Simon, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gigney, in Hobart, before she departs with her husband for England and the Admiral's Cup. Mr. Gray, a member of the Admiral's Cup team, will crew in the Lorita Maria. En route to England, the Grays plan a short stay in Rome and will travel home via America and Honolulu, where they'll spend a few days with American friends. They'll be away for about two and a half months.

HEAR that members of the Canberra Polo Club are frantically busy arranging the three-day R. G. Menzies Cup Tournament on May 28-30. Among teams expected are Goulburn, Toompang, and County, and skilled players participating include Jim Maple-Brown, Hector King, Ken Austin, Gordon Dowling, and John Bolger. Host of the day will be Mr. A. D. Campbell, of "Woden," Canberra, president of the club. Vice-president's wife Mrs. John Hyles, of "Booroomba," Canberra, has organised a team of helpers to serve tea and luncheon in a marquee on the field.

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POPULAR topic of conversation at the Israel Independence Day Party at the home of the new Consul General, Mr. Shaul Ben-Haim, was the exciting collection of paintings hanging on the walls. I was one of the few 250 guests who discovered they were the work of our host — painted in England, Ghana, America, and Sweden during his postings there.

★ ★ ★

SCHOOL holiday plans for Mr. and Mrs. Leon Myerson include a ten-day visit to Melbourne with their three children, Philip, Rosalyn, and Suzanne. The family is also looking forward to the August vacation when they will holiday in the snow at the Australian Golf Club Lodge.

★ ★ ★

LOOKING forward to a reunion with her daughter, Mrs. John Despres, the former Gina Eviston, is Mrs. George Eviston, who leaves in the Orsova on June 4 to spend three months in California, where Mrs. Despres is working for her Master of Arts degree, and her husband (who is a Bachelor of Economics) is doing postgraduate work at the University of California.

★ ★ ★

I BELIEVE Mr. and Mrs. Owen Dibbs have had a hectic few weeks saying farewell to their many friends before they leave for Trinidad, where Mr. Dibbs will take up an appointment with the United Nations. Their elder daughter, Robyn, is in England, and their younger daughter, Sandra (who will stay at Ascham as a boarder), will fly out to holiday with them in December.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Jillian Case marries Charles Martin at The King's Chapel on May 14, she'll be wearing a long Spanish mantilla veil which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Case, of North Rocks, brought back for her from Granada, Spain, on a world trip last year. Kaye Thompson and Pamela Condon will be Jillian's bridesmaids.

ABOVE: Miss Margot Caldwell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Caldwell, of "Yandilla," Wallendbeen, and Mr. John Lyne, of "Bungarie," Jerilderie, who announced their engagement recently at the Cootamundra Picnic Race Meeting.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peterson following their marriage at St. Andrew's Church, Mayfield. Mrs. Peterson was the former Miss Lorraine Marquet, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Marquet, of "Springfield," Seaham. Mr. Peterson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Peterson, of Strathfield.

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AT LEFT: President of the American Women's Club, Mrs. C. J. Watkins (left), with Mrs. Trevor Thiele at the luncheon at the Wentworth Hotel which was given in honor of Coral Sea Week visitors from America, Mrs. Glenn Stock and Mrs. Robert Gillespie.

CORAL SEA VICTORY BALL. Mrs. Dean C. Strother (left), who, with General Strother, was a guest of honor for Coral Sea Week, with Captain Glenn Stock, C.O. of the U.S.S. Vancouver, and Mrs. Norman Jones, president of the Australian-American Association women's committee, at the Coral Sea Ball at the Trocadero. BELOW: General Strother with Mrs. Robert Mansfield, honorary secretary of the women's committee, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Phillips (right) at the ball.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lloyd Jones leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their junior attendants (left to right) Blake Matthews, Shanedell Lee, and Shaun Matthews. The bride was Miss Wendy Boom, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reg Boom, of Point Piper. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. John Dunlop, of Darling Point, and of the late Mr. Philip Lloyd Jones.

WEDDING GROUP. Informal moment outside St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for Mr. and Mrs. Ben Osborne, with their attendants, bridesmaids Miss Juliet Ashton and Miss Juliet Osborne, and at front, from left, Andrew Campbell, Antonia Burns, Michael Masterman, Susan Ashton, and Petra Playfair. The bride was the former Miss Gillian Ashton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Ashton, of "Markdale," Binda. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Osborne, of "Redbank," Harden.

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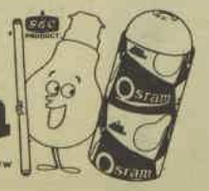

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ABOVE: The telegraph station at Alice Springs as it was in 1907. It was bigger than the township in those days.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Doris Blackwell, 74-year-old co-author of Alice on The Line.

New book about 'Alice'

By RITA DUNSTAN

● "You should write a book," someone said to Mrs. Doris Blackwell, of Adelaide, with the result that Mrs. Blackwell did — and became an author at the age of 74.

HER book, produced in collaboration with the Northern Territory author Douglas Lockwood, is called *Alice on The Line* and tells of life at Alice Springs at the turn of the century.

Mrs. Blackwell, who now lives at Kingswood, an Adelaide suburb, went to The Alice in 1899 when her father, Thomas Bradshaw, was posted there as the officer in charge of the telegraph station.

In those days every cable message and every newspaper story from the other side of the world was transmitted by the overland telegraph from Darwin to Adelaide, so there was quite a staff — five in all — required to handle the volume of work.

Yet, when personal messages had to be sent to the township two miles away they were carried in a cleft stick borne by native boys.

Mrs. Blackwell was eight years old and the oldest of five children when she went to live at Alice Springs.

Vivid memories recalled

Her mother had three more children during their nine years in the remote centre, her only help during confinements being a woman friend from the township.

Mrs. Blackwell has vivid memories and most of them shine through happily as she recalls the years spent under "the spell of the inland."

Some of the anecdotes make a white reader cringe with shame, but for the most part the incidents related or relived are warmly human, sometimes pathetic, sometimes sad, and often very funny.

The book tells of the great embarrassment the modest white women of those days felt at the sight of dark, stark nakedness.

Skirts of navy serge

The aborigines, of course, had no use for clothes and they had no clothes, anyway, but they were quite happy to don cover as protection against cold, if for no other reason.

Government officials back in Adelaide did what they could to keep the natives "decently" clad by sending clothes and material from the south.

Once they sent several bolts of navy serge to be made into skirts for the native women.

The task of sewing fell to the author's mother, because there was no one else to do it.

After she had labored with a hand sewing-machine to cut and sew 60 skirts, a revered woman elder of the wurlie camp dismissed the whole beautiful collection, because they made the women look "allasame longa crows."

Another time the family agreed to attend a women's corroboree provided the women taking part wore shirts.

This they did, with the shirt sleeves tied around their necks and the rest hanging loose over their BACKS.

MRS. BLACKWELL as she was at 15, in 1906 — Miss Doris Bradshaw, a smart and very happy teenager in the clothes of the teenagers of the early 20th century.

With the nearest doctor at Oodnadatta, 300 miles away, or perhaps at Maree, 500 miles, even serious illnesses and accidents had to be "home-nursed."

Mrs. Blackwell's father carried out many a first-aid job by instructions ticked out in morse from a doctor called specially to the General Post Office in Adelaide.

Fortunately for the author and her readers, Thomas Bradshaw was a keen photographer in his spare time, a good deal of which he spent at his tripod camera, head in and out of the "black curtain," taking pictures of his family and the telegraph station "village."

These he developed himself on glass negatives, which are in such good condition today that a tiny segment of one showing the telegraph office has been enlarged for use as the cover of the book.

Several other prints have been used to illustrate Mrs. Blackwell's book.

Wrote from family records

During a long illness suffered by her husband, the late Mr. W. D. Blackwell, Mrs. Blackwell sorted out all the old negatives, prints, and papers left by her father.

"My husband's sickness kept me tied to the house for many years, but I had time to browse through all the family records," she said.

"I thought perhaps I might pass all this material on to the archives, but then my sister, Mrs. David Gluyas, of Telowie, said I ought to put it into a book.

"I prepared a manuscript which the publishers liked, but said was too short as it stood.

"Then I wrote to Mr. Lockwood, who agreed to help me expand it."

Mrs. Blackwell is not interested in writing any more books, but sometimes toys with the idea of writing short stories.

"But I don't think of it very seriously," she says.

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Hairdresser puts the case for . . .

MANNERS BEFORE MONEY

— It's the nouveau-riche who make you mad, he says

By HUGH CURNOW

● "The best of Sydney's society women," said Peter Hanlon, "are those who had manners before they knew they had money."

CURL-HATING hairdresser Peter Hanlon and client Wendy Rowe, who let him cut her shoulder-length hair to one inch in length.

WHILE sharing a beer with Peter and his model-girl wife, Jan, at their Darling Point flat, we talked about the whims, wants, worries, and wishes of his fashionable hairdressing salons' clientele.

"The moneyed women with manners stand out like thoroughbreds at a horse show," he said. "They never demand special favors or scream for attention like some of the others; they just expect to be treated like the beautifully mannered women they are.

"Also," he said authoritatively, "they are the ones whose families have had real money for generations. It's the nouveau-riche who give you hell."

HANLON FAMILY GROUP: Model-girl wife, Jan, and their children, Luke and Cassandra.

At 35, Peter Hanlon, owner of two exclusive Sydney hairdressing salons — at King's Cross and Gordon — and father of two pre-school age children, Luke and Cassandra, finds he gets on best with the assuredly rich client or the working girl.

He himself is not too used to having money.

"My parents were what you would call poor . . . Heck, they were what I'd call poor, for that matter," he said.

"Now we've got all this, and Mum's taken care of, and things are going as well as I could want. But it hasn't always been like that."

A barber's boy at Coogee, N.S.W., when he was 16, the young Hanlon soon learnt that women would pay good money for a good cutter.

"I studied cutting hair until I could do it blindfolded," he said. "I went abroad and studied with top hairdressers in London and Paris.

"One day a big Sydney salon offered me £100 a week to join them.

"I was going to take it when Mona Crawford, the dress designer, forbade me. You see, I had always admired her and when she told me to wait while she looked around for a place of my own, I did.

"She found the place in Darlinghurst, where I still am," he said. "She gave me all the money to buy it — no interest, no share of the business."

The 28-year-old Hanlon's style and cutting caught on like a bushfire. Within 10 months, he had paid back Miss Crawford's loan.

Within a year, he had pegged his prices at what was then the most expensive level in Australia. Today, seven years later, his prices remain unchanged.

What are his clients like?

"The worst are the ones I call 'Alice' types," he growled.

"They start by asking to have their hair done like their friend Alice, or whatever her name may be. You tell them the style suits Alice, but it won't suit them. They want to know why.'

"You try to be polite. You can hardly tell them that Alice has masses of marvellous thick black hair and they've got 11 limp wisps. So you hedge and talk about their face structure.

"But, then, as like as not, they ask if you're suggesting that Alice is more attractive than they are. With an Alice type, a man can't win.

"I usually end up giving in a bit. The customer likes to think she's right, after all. But one thing I won't do is set any woman's hair in curls on top of the head now.

"My staff has instructions not to do curls on top for anyone. I hate curls.

"The best clients, as far as I am concerned, tell me to do whatever I want with their hair. Then I never send them out looking as if they have just been to a hairdresser. I don't like women to look too 'presented'."

"White neck"

One client who recently let him do with his scissors what he says he was itching to do with them was 20-year-old Wendy Rowe, of Double Bay, N.S.W., a stockbroker's assistant.

She arrived with shoulder-length, raven tresses and left with no hair on her head longer than one inch — except for a nearly two-inch fringe.

"Gosh, I've got a white neck," was her first comment. Then: "I think I like it."

I asked Mrs. Hanlon if her husband was always so dictatorial.

"Just about," she said. "He tells me what to wear, for example. Yes, I did resent that when we were first married, but now I love it."

A former Miss Australian Surf, Mrs. Hanlon is not a difficult woman to choose clothes for, but, says her husband, her hair is a crying shame.

"It's too thin, too fine, and too lank," he said.

Is he as blunt to his clients?

"Yes, to a point," he said. "I always tell them if I think they're overdoing it. Most don't seem to mind."

THIS WEEK: Western Australia

INVESTMENT GUIDE

By Mary Broker

● More than a year ago I discussed with you the prospects of Queensland as a "growth State." Western Australia also has very bright stars on its horizon.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA is rapidly becoming a point of investment focus.

Apart from the joint United States - Australian tracking project at North-west Cape, the area just south of Perth, around Fremantle and Kwinana, is developing with plants being constructed by B.H.P., British Petroleum, Australian Paper Manufacturers, and other such giants.

Possibly the most breath-taking developments have been in the mineral industry, and Western Australia is swinging away from its concentration on gold to become a huge reservoir of almost all types of minerals.

I have talked before of the vast iron ore deposits found in the Hamersley Ranges, and also of the bauxite deposits in the Darling Ranges which form the basis of the aluminium complex developed by Alcoa of Australia Pty. Ltd., and which led to the construction of a big alumina refinery at Kwinana.

This is, of course, only a brief resume of the many investment projects now taking place in Western Australia, which are leading to an increase in industrial activity and in population.

Many of the projects there are being undertaken jointly with American companies, and the recent reassurance from the U.S. Government that balance - of - payment moves will not affect their finance is heartening.

A further factor which could influence your decision to invest in Western Australia is that it has, historically, not felt to the same extent as the eastern States downward trends in the Australian economy as a whole.

Now to two stocks which may interest you. The first, Swan Brewery Co. Ltd., had an excellent year in 1963-64.

Swan Brewery has a virtual monopoly in the State, and operates two breweries in Perth, one at Kalgoorlie, and a fourth at Darwin, which gives it a hold on the Northern Territory market. In addition, it operates a chain of hotels.

This is one company which will benefit extensively from the increase in male population necessary to work mines and operate the new factories.

Canning plant

The company also exports to approximately 50 countries.

A big boost to trade came when a canning plant was introduced at the beginning of 1962-63. This has proved an excellent investment and has exceeded expectations, both in output and financial results.

The company appears to be under top-class management, and has had a practically faultless financial record since its formation in 1887. Even during the depression of the 1930s, dividend was never below 14 percent.

Apart from consistently high dividends, shareholders have benefited from a good run of share issues. Following a 1-7 bonus in 1961-62, a 1-4 bonus was made early this year.

Like all breweries, results are always conservatively stated and taxation is high in relation to net profit.

Results for the past three years have been: **1961-62:** Net profit £604,000; taxation £560,000; earning rate 15.2 percent; dividend 12½ percent. **1962-63:** Net profit £714,000; taxation £632,000; earning rate 17.5 percent; dividend 15 percent. **1963-64:** Net profit £795,000; taxation £699,000; earning rate 19.1 percent; dividend 15 percent.

The 5/- shares are currently selling at 23/- to yield 2.7 percent from the expected ex-bonus dividend of 12½ percent. One hundred would cost you about £117, for a dividend return of £3/2/6 per year.

The second company, Boans Ltd., is a first-class company, based in the city of Perth and with suburban stores in several centres.

Until as recently as 1954 it was purely a family concern, and although the Boan family is still connected with the company, it then became a public company.

In its short public history profits and earnings have been excellent, and with retail expenditure in Western Australia showing consistent increases the future looks bright.

Results for the past three years to February have been: **1961-62:** Net profit £151,000; taxation £106,000; earning rate 26.9 percent; dividend 10 percent. **1962-63:** Net profit £170,000; taxation £128,000; earning rate 27.5 percent; dividend 12 percent. **1963-64:** Net profit £205,000; taxation £185,000; earning rate 30.0 percent; dividend 12 percent.

Note the increasing taxation provision in relation to net profit.

The 10/- shares are now selling at around 49/6, so that 100 would cost about £251, for a dividend return of £6 per year at the 12 percent rate.

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Betty Sydney *When it comes from the pack with the Red Spoon—it's best!*

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She lived in the art world of Paris

● Artist Kathleen O'Connor, of Perth, whose current exhibition is at the Osborne Gallery, Adelaide, until May 11, lived in Paris for most of 50 years.

"KATE" O'CONNOR

AT the beginning of the century, when she first went from Perth to begin her art career there, it was a daring thing for a well brought-up young lady to do. "But I was in my twenties, you know," she said.

Not for nothing is she the daughter of that Charles Yelverton O'Connor who defied the highest engineering authority to have Fremantle Harbor built where it is. Her father's statue stands at the foot of the Fremantle wharf passenger bridge in remembrance, whilst his bust broods sombrely over Mundaring Weir as a reminder of his brilliant concept of piping water 400 miles to the hot, dry goldfields at Kalgoorlie.

"Kate" O'Connor has made her name, too — with charming impressionist paintings which have been seen in the most important European exhibitions, are hanging in private collections throughout the world, and are represented in Australian State art collections and the Australian Government collection.

"There weren't many women studying art in Paris in those pre-1914 days," she said.

"If they were English girls they soon returned to England because the French were very conservative about buying paintings from English people. They still are.

"I kept the same studio in the Avenue du Maine for years and years, but after the last war it was pulled down and is now part of the Metro station of Montparnasse.

"My life was mostly in Montparnasse, where I used to meet all the artists, such as Chagall and Modigliani, at a little cafe.

"Modigliani was very good-looking but almost invariably drunk. He talked a lot and sometimes made pencil sketches of anyone he took a fancy to — mostly with the very long necks that characterised his painting.

"He was tubercular and died in 1920 when he was only 36.

"His brother, who was an Italian senator, came from Rome and took Modigliani's daughter with him.

"Modigliani's wife returned to live with her very bourgeois family and finally jumped out a window. The child she was bearing was killed as well as herself.

"His pictures remind me of the Italian period of Byzantine art.

"There were numbers of artists of all nationalities in Montparnasse and we often

—By—
WINFRED BISSET

met in the Cafe du Dome after working all day in studios producing pictures. We would also go to the sketching classes in the evenings before dinner. Most of the best-known artists were to be seen there.

"These were life classes for sculptors and painters, and the nudes would sit for half-hour poses.

"At that period, before World War II, everyone seemed friendly. Epstein sat about in the Cafe du Dome when he came over from London, mostly on the terrace in the evenings. It was a great meeting place.

"For ten consecutive years before 1939 I spent several months of each year with a good friend from Australia, Mrs. Stewart Dawson, at Monte Carlo. She loved to gamble, but never won.

"I got away from the winters in Paris and loved to live the life of a millionaire with her and go about in a Rolls-Royce.

"But I was glad to get back to Paris and my old studio.

"One day I was painting in the Luxembourg Gardens when a lady looked over my shoulder and said, 'I like that. I'd like to buy that.' She took me back to her beautiful home.

"'Would you have the picture framed?' she said. 'You'd know the best to get.' So I took it to the picture framers. 'Don't you know who that lady is?' he asked me. No, I didn't know. 'Why that is the wife of the famous general who defended Dreyfus.'

"She didn't tell me she was such a well-known person. That fell to the picture framer!

"I enjoyed many of the beautiful shops and clothes in Paris and I worked in decoration for one of the best shops in the Madeleine. After the collection showings I used to be able to buy beautiful model dresses, hats, shoes, etc., to my heart's desire.

"I left for Australia after that period but only stopped out here for a year.

"All this was between 1918 and 1939.

Low rents

"My first trip home to Australia — 3½ years after I first went to Paris — was for my sister's wedding (she married Sir Ernest Lee Steere).

"But when I went back to Paris again to my old studio in the Avenue du Maine, everything I had left behind was still there.

"The pre-1914 rents were almost nothing.

"From the time I first went abroad with my mother and sister, Lady Lee Steere, I came out four times to Australia, and every time went back again to Paris.

"I shall stay in Australia now, but I knew when I left Paris for the last time that what I should miss most was not hearing or speaking French. It had become part of me.

"France gets into one."

Miss O'Connor still retains an air of Parisian elegance with her rose-pink suit and vermilion hat, the touch of make-up and matching nail varnish, the tortoiseshell bracelets at her wrist.

"But I could not go back to Paris any more," she said. "There is nobody left that I know.

"And it is too expensive."

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Cooking has changed since my day. I think these new frozen foods are marvellous. For instance, frozen peas . . . remember when you had to sit for hours shelling peas? And getting little shreds of pods under your fingernails? . . . Now you just take a package out of your freezer and pop them in a pot. And for a real time-saver you can buy a complete frozen dinner. But —have you noticed?" . . .

Momma's moral: Today's husband no longer says, when he comes home from work, "What's cooking?" Now he says, "What's thawing?"

Malaya satay á la genuine thing — with tamarind and spices.

Who discovered SINGAPORE?

We did! The travel agent started it by explaining it wouldn't cost a penny more to stop-over in Singapore, on our way to Europe. On those terms who would miss the chance to go on a voyage of discovery! So we came to Singapore. The friendly, cosmopolitan people welcomed us to their fascinating country and we were set fair to uncover an array of spectacle and excitement that gave real meaning to the saying—'You see more of the Orient in Singapore.' Take a glimpse at this magical island with us and you too will be taking the first steps towards discovering wonderful Singapore.

FOOD—Singapore—kitchen to the world!

A person can eat just so much in four days—but with all this pageant of sumptious dishes, where do you start—or stop!? Malay satay á la genuine thing—with tamarind and spices beaten and mixed for hours on end, to give you a relishing feast. Chinese food is a way of life! We sat down to 12 courses last night. Each one a wonder of exotic tastes. Then there are the stimulating Indian muslim foods, spicy and aromatic. There is an endless variety of the world's best European food served in the many seaside night clubs and palm fringed modern hotels.

WEST AUSTRALIANS, do you know that it is almost as cheap to travel to Singapore as it is to visit Sydney. In about the same time that it takes to fly from Perth to Sydney you could be setting foot in the heart of the Orient—Singapore.

For lots of exciting information, consult your travel agent about your stop-over in Singapore or write to Singapore Government Tourist Information Service, 15 Grosvenor Street, SYDNEY, 343 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE or Industry House, CANBERRA.

Singapore

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5-PLY CREPE
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It's George Burns in "Wendy and Me"

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

• If it's laughter you're after, you'll be delighted with *Wendy and Me*, a new series every bit as funny as the old Burns and Allen hit. It begins on TCN9 at 8 p.m. on Monday, May 17.

THE Wendy, of *Wendy and Me*, is a dizzy blond played by Connie Stevens. Connie is best-known in Australia as Cricket Blake, of *Hawaiian Eye* fame, while Me is none other than George Burns, a real legend of show business.

The series is really a slick up-dating of the Burns and Allen show, which had top ratings for eight years in America.

It was one of the greatest comedies ever to hit Australian TV screens.

In *Wendy and Me*, Connie Stevens plays a younger version of the late Gracie Allen. She's an off-centre, off-beat newly-wed, married to an airline pilot, Jeff Conway (played by Ron Harper).

George Burns appears as George Burns himself.

He's Wendy's landlord, and his list of rules for his tenants is that in exchange for cheap rent, they must put up with having him sing whenever he likes.

They must leave their windows open so his voice will come through loud and clear.

A further rule is that no one is allowed to evict the landlord!

Sure pleaser

The combination of the incorrigible Burns, and Connie Stevens, who has been described in Hollywood as "an apple blossom with the wham of a bulldozer," is a sure-fire audience pleaser.

Though it's a show that's different, the familiar format of Burns and Allen is there.

It is, in fact, an unabashed follow-on of the feather-brained foolery of the earlier series — even to the cigar-smoking asides by George.

The first episode introduces the only other regulars in the show: Danny Callaghan, who is the girl-chasing co-pilot of Wendy's husband; and Mr. Bundy (J. Pat O'Malley), the building supervisor.

★ ★ ★

IN addition to the impending arrival of *Wendy and Me*, there's the return of *The Telegoons* (ABN2, 10.35 p.m., Fridays), and Jimmy Edwards in *Six More Faces of Jim* (ABN2, 6.25 p.m., Mondays).

Another laugh-raising show making a return to the screen is *Here's Dawn*, which will be shown on TCN9 immediately before *Wendy and Me* each week.

Scheduled for launching at 7.30 on Monday, May 17, *Here's Dawn* stars comedienne Dawn Lake, who during the weekly series will introduce a strong team of guest artists, including Don Lane and Graham Kennedy.

Frankly, I could live and

Television

laugh without Dawn. But we all take our humor differently, and Dawn Lake's show wasn't short on viewers during the last series.

And this time it's a distinctly improved show, with more slick talent per sketch than has been evident in the past.

TV can be a cruel medium

WHATEVER your politics, you couldn't help feeling sorry for Britain's former Prime Minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Hume, when he said recently that he wished TV had never been invented and that he couldn't help how his face had been made.

TV can be a cruel medium, and while most people have the choice of staying off the screen, the modern political leader hasn't.

TV can make him or mar him. He can be perfectly sincere, but if that sincerity doesn't project, if he smiles too much or too little, if TV caricatures his face, the chances are he'll be a dead duck politically.

In the recent State election campaign country viewers saw even more of the TV election fight than their city friends.

In rural areas candidates took to the screen on local TV channels, realising the importance of "showing their face" in the living-rooms of the most remote homesteads.

A voter recently came face to face with his MP for the first time.

"I voted for you when I saw you on TV," he said. "I've been a dog-fancier all my life, and you can always judge a good dog by his good broad forehead.

"Well, I reckoned you could probably judge a man the same way, so you got my vote."

Sir Alec Douglas-Hume also said of TV: "I don't object to satire if there is real intelligence, but abuse passing for satire is something very different."

Could Sir Alec have had a sneak preview in London of *The Mavis Bramston Show* (ATN7, 9 p.m., Wednesday)?

This show, which claims a viewing audience of more than a million, deserves full marks for enterprise, and for most of its talent and wit.

Since it was "cleaned up," it hasn't lost any of its humor, and it's more acceptable as living-room entertainment.

But every now and then an item displays (to quote Sir Alec) abuse passing as satire.

For all music-lovers

THERE'S great excitement at ABN2 about a new fortnightly show, *In Key*, which will make its debut on Wednesday, May 26, at 9.30 p.m.

Believed to be the first of its kind, it's a type of music magazine, which will be compered by composer and pianist Richard Neale.

Each half-hour show will be handled like a documentary. There'll be interviews with visiting musicians and entrepreneurs, insets of film on concert or jazz, and so on.

And it won't be a strictly highbrow show, according to ABN. There won't be any pop music, but there will be all other types, including jazz.

Also from ABN2: at 9.30 p.m. on Friday, May 14, the channel will screen the first of a series of three Lively Arts programs.

In the first program, viewers will meet Kym Bonython, of Adelaide, and see his valuable art collection.

In the following two programs they'll see the private collections of James Fairfax, of Sydney, and Colonel Aubrey Gibson, of Melbourne.

Coff's Harbor's new station

CHANNEL NRN10, the Coff's Harbor station which opened earlier this year, claims it is the first commercial channel in N.S.W. to transmit Sydney's ABC-TV news.

For the first couple of months' transmission, viewers saw Queensland news.

There was no link available between Sydney and Coff's Harbor to provide a home-State news coverage.

A micro-wave link between Newcastle and Mt. Moombil, the site of the NRN10 tower, was completed within recent weeks, enabling the channel to take its news from Sydney.

NRN10 has its modern studios in a picturesque setting on the outskirts of Coff's Harbor.

The site was an old banana plantation, and although the bananas were chopped out, new growths are shooting faster than a TV cowboy's gun.

It's a steady job keeping them down.

WENDY (Connie Stevens of Hawaiian Eye fame) offers sucking-pig to her husband, Wendy and Me, played by Ron Harper.

Great success for Di Trask

THE *Di Trask Show*, which had its debut on TCN9 at 8 p.m. on a recent Saturday, is a staggering success.

Produced at GTV9 Melbourne, it's easy to watch and easy to listen to, and has all the polish of the best shows from America.

Apart from the brief segment of the half-hour show in which Di Trask introduces a guest artist, the time is devoted to Di singing song after song.

You'd think this would begin to pall, but it doesn't.

Di is lovely to look at, and her voice — a welcome relief from the rasping roars we hear so much on TV and radio today — is full of appeal.

The sets are simple, but the lighting and camera work are superb, and everyone concerned at GTV9 should take a deep bow.

This show was so cleverly presented, that when Di started to sing *The Party's Over . . .* at the close I was sorry the SHOW was over.

That's more than I could say about the preceding half hour occupied by Franquin's *Double Your Dollars*, another new TCN9 series.

Mind you, if his aim in *Double Your Dollars* was to hypnotise, then he's great.

The show had the same soporific effect as his old line of: "Close your eyes . . . you're falling asleep, asleep, asleep."

It's far from a top show, but TCN9 has such a wealth of top shows these days — you can't win 'em all!

DAWN LAKE'S lanky companion is Don Lane, guest star in the premiere of a new Here's Dawn.

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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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Television

CINDERELLA

● *La Cenerentola*, Rossini's opera based on Cinderella and produced by Bob Allnutt, will be seen on ABC-TV in Sydney and Melbourne on May 12, later in other States.

CINDERELLA (Janice Copland, centre) is intimidated by step-sisters Glorinda (soprano Rosalind Keene, left) and Tisbe (mezzo-soprano Diane Holmes), who are not so much ugly and wicked as overdressed, overwigged, and over-confident. "I wouldn't be surprised if ten seamstresses went blind overnight, but it's gorgeous," said Janice Copland of her costume, designed by Ross Major.

DRINKING SCENE (right) with Don Magnifico (baritone Neil Warren - Smith) and officers. In Rossini's La Cenerentola, *Don Magnifico is Cinderella's stepfather, an impecunious baron who hopes that one of his daughters will marry the Prince and save the old baronial home.*

Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

BANQUET. Dandini, the Prince's valet (baritone Ronald Maconaghie), helps himself to grapes while the Prince (tenor Peter Baillie) more circumspectly takes a pear. Cinderella's stepfather, Don Magnifico (baritone Neil Warren-Smith), toys with a cake that looks too delicious to be cardboard. The gay and imaginative sets were designed by Wendy Dixon.

BELOW: Cinderella strolls in the palace gardens with Alidoro (bass Alan Light), her "good fairy." Rossini changed the sex of the traditional fairy godmother. Janice Copland mimes her role to the dubbed voice of New Zealand opera star Heather Begg. All the other roles in the opera are played by the singers themselves.

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Couture patterns by famous designers

● These three high-fashion designs, and the three shown overleaf, are chosen for the fashion-conscious home dressmaker. This offer means that any home sewer can have a line-for-line translation in pattern form of an original garment styled by a famous designer. Patterns are available from Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continued overleaf

1410.—Softly styled suit and matching overblouse (right) has open cutaway jacket and slim skirt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1410 Vogue Couturier design by Ronald Paterson, of London. Price 14/- includes postage.

1391. — This smart one-piece dress has a semi-fit slightly H-shaped silhouette, curved collar, and button-front closing. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1391 Vogue Couturier design by Ronald Paterson, of London. Price 9/6 includes postage.

1390. — Dress (above) has pleat in centre-front with fake button closing. The sleeves can be above or below elbow. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1390 Vogue Couturier design by Jo Mattli, of London. Price 9/6 includes postage.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4899168

Make an original couture design from an easy-to-follow Vogue pattern

● Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please write address in block letters and state pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

(From page 21)

1443.—Dress-and-coat alliance (above and below). The sleeveless A-shaped dress has a wrap effect at left side. The slim, belted coat has a side closing. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1443 Vogue Paris original by Pierre Cardin. Price 18/- includes postage.

1425.—Slender, semi-fit dress (above) has a double-breasted plastron front, curved hip pockets, below-elbow or short sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1425 Vogue Paris original by Laroche. Price 14/- includes postage.

1412. — Sleeveless or long-sleeved dress (at right) has decollete neckline, loop-button closing, and wrapped skirt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1412 Vogue Couturier design by Rodriguez, Madrid. Price 9/6 includes postage.

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He was her man

By JEAN TURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

YESTERDAY there was a boy here, with a guitar. Somebody brought him, the way they are always bringing a new boy or two to this house, where there are three pretty teenage girls.

The teenagers never come calling singly. When the doorbell rings there are always two or three on the mat, and down below the steps several others, boys and girls, looking up from the "old bomb" parked in the drive.

The girls, who have all rushed to the door, cry out invitingly: "Come on up!" and everyone piles out gladly, and they come trooping in, sidling past me, with polite and wary greetings en route to the rumpus room.

The arrival of a gang used to be the signal for an immediate eruption from the radiogram of the latest Beatle disc, and they would apply themselves in a dedicated fashion to doing the twist. But just lately there has been a decided trend toward sitting on the floor, with the lights turned low . . . and singing!

It reminds me of us! And the songs they choose to sing! They are the latest hits, but they are the songs from that period that today's parents look back on as "our time."

Perhaps it really was the perfect romantic age, that carefree time, sandwiched in between two wars, one war way behind, and no hint yet of the other to come. That may be why they're making new recordings of those nostalgic old tunes. Could it be that no song born of this brash, psychologically minded, realistic new generation gives off quite that same poignant romantic flavor? It takes you back, we say.

How it took me back—when the boy with the guitar struck the first throbbing strings and they began to sing: "Frankie and Johnnie . . ."

It must be thirty years ago that I first heard "Frankie and Johnnie." I was in my teens, but we didn't call it being a "teenager" then. We didn't have a name, we were nothing.

Not schoolgirls, not quite flappers. There was no niche where we fitted comfortably, not at all like the assured young things that rate all the advertising these days. Our feet seemed much too big for black satin evening shoes, and our necks too skinny for apricot georgette with organdie ruffles that stood out from the shoulders. No one bothered very much about us. But we had hearts, oh, yes! We had hearts!

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers . . . I was all set for love. I was always on the lookout for it, keenly aware of it. But I was still very young. I had never been out with a boy, had only danced at the chaperoned school affairs.

But now I had left school, and was doing a commercial course, and soon I would be out in the big business world, secure in the fact that I could do sixty words a minute and take down one hundred and twenty!

I was wearing colored clothes for the first time in years. After that long sentence of a navy-blue tunic and a white cotton blouse, and a hat like a pudding basin, this was an exquisite reprieve. I wanted to go mad with color, but I had a careful mother.

I remember that I had a very large, white hat, what was called a "droop" shape, with a sky-blue ribbon around it. I would have preferred the one with raffia flowers on it, but it was three-and six dearer. I had a fawn frock, with detachable white pique collar and cuffs, which I did not care for particularly, but my mother had thought it most suitable for my in-between status, and I had

To page 40

Romance lingered in the air as young hearts throbbed to the beat of the music — a charming short story

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THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

A dramatic short story

By NINA WARNER HOOKE

RUNNING into George Harcourt soon after he came out of the Army, I asked him, naturally enough, what he was doing with himself. It's the expected question and it generally elicits one of a standard set of answers. There isn't much that a chap trained for soldiering, who gets axed in his early forties, can do. You've only to read the agony columns—Ex-officer, used to handling men, go anywhere, do anything—to realise this.

There he is, turned loose in early middle-age with a gratuity and a pension and the habit of authority, but with nothing else of the slightest use in the harsh life of Civvy Street.

He can turn schoolmaster or salesman, take a pub or open a club. Or he can sink his bit of capital in a chicken farm, a filling station, or a betting shop. That's about the extent of the choice.

I was therefore very surprised when George told me he'd become an art dealer. Having served with him and got to know him, as I thought, fairly well, I'd never suspected him of having any interest in art, let alone knowledge of it.

"You mean, you make a living that way?"

"I've done all right so far."

He looked prosperous enough. I stared at him with new respect.

"What made you — I mean, how did you get started?"

"I don't mind telling you," said George, "if you'd really like to know."

We'd met at the Zoo end of Regent's Park, so we crossed Prince Albert Road and went into the New Inn and ordered dry sherries.

George owned a house in St. John's Wood, so in this respect he was better off than many other chaps in a similar position. It contained some terrible family furniture of the Victorian period and a few nice pieces, including some china which belonged to his wife.

It was an accident to a Rockingham greyhound, one of a pair on the drawing-room mantelpiece, that set George on the path to his new and evidently lucrative profession.

At that time he had been a civilian for about a couple of months. The novelty had worn off and he was feeling bored and fretful—wondering how he could live on his pension, thinking he ought to set about getting a job, worrying about how to pay school bills without dipping into his capital, wondering if he ought to sell the house, wishing he had something else to do except worry.

He reached up to tap his pipe on the mantelshelf and knocked the nose off the greyhound.

Knowing that Norah would be upset, he sneaked out with it to a shabby little antique shop in a turning off Abbey Road, with a sign in the window saying China Repairs. Though he had often passed the shop, this was the first time he had entered it.

Seldom had he seen such a dreary assortment of rubbish, or so depressing a person as the proprietor—

To page 48

As the old lady stood nearby, George carefully scrutinised the painting.

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The trouble with Tommy

An appealing short story

By MARY LANGE JONES

AT eight-fifteen, right after Sam had left for work and Tommy and Linda had caught the school bus, the phone rang. Before she took the phone out of the cradle, Helen Guthrie knew who it would be.

"Hello, Mother," she said.

Mrs. Parsons got right to the point. "Did you get his hair cut?" she asked, in the same tone a commanding general of the army might use in asking if his order had been carried out.

Helen bit her lip. She wished that her mother would leave the problem of Tommy's hair to her and Sam — he was their child, not hers.

"Well, not yet," Helen said, " but I think—"

"You let him go a few more days," Mrs. Parsons said, "and he's going to look like General Custer."

"It's not that bad," Helen said. "It's a little long, yes, but all he's trying to do is let it get long enough on top so he can comb it to one side."

"You're just not putting your foot down."

"He's at a difficult age, Mother," Helen said. "Sam and I — well, we think we ought to let him decide a few things for himself, find out on his own—"

"The trouble with Tommy," Mrs. Parsons said darkly, "is nobody's made it clear to him he's only 14 years old. It's no wonder the world's in such a shape with 14-year-old boys giving the orders. Children seem to do exactly what they want these days."

"The doorbell's ringing," Helen said. "I'll call you back."

IT was Marge Boston from next door. Helen, who was just about to have her early-morning coffee, poured two cups, and they sat in the kitchen drinking it.

Marge made little circles on the table with her fingernail. She looked carefully down at her coffee cup and said, "Honestly, Helen, don't you think it's time we did something about this hair business. Our boys —"

"I don't know what you're worrying about," Helen said. "Greg isn't letting his hair grow."

Marge said, "He wants to let it grow. He says Tommy's hair looks neat." She shuddered, as if to show her opinion of Tommy's hair.

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Although she faced violent opposition from both her family and friends, Helen was convinced her young son should be free to decide some things for himself

Helen bristled inside. "Sam and I think a boy of 14 ought to begin to make some decisions for himself. There's nothing wrong with Tommy's wanting to change the way he wears his hair." She thought, maybe he's sick and tired of those eternal crew cuts.

"We're good enough friends for me to be frank," Marge began, and Helen knew that Marge was about to deliver a gem of her armchair psychiatry.

"The trouble with Tommy," Marge went on, "is he needs your guidance. You have to tell him he can't let his hair grow. How else can he know?"

Sam and I are trying to guide Tommy, Helen thought. But there's a time to begin to let go, isn't there? If you haven't got through to them in 14 years, you never will.

She didn't know. Were she and Sam wrong and everybody else right?

All she knew was that about a month ago Tommy had started spending a long time in front of the bathroom mirror every morning, and when he went for a haircut he'd come home with a neck trim and the top beginning to look bushy.

He kept it under control. He was using Sam's hair stuff and spending his allowance on combs, it seemed.

He was busy with baseball now that May had come and practice had started. Last autumn he had gone out for football and in the winter basketball. The only part of the newspaper he really cared about was the sports section. That sounded healthy, didn't it?

SHE felt frightened, though. Nowadays, there was such a clear dividing line between the right kind of children and the wrong kind. She wanted her children to be on the right side of the line.

So maybe her mother and Marge Boston were right—she should set her foot down and insist that Tommy get his hair cut.

Resolved, she made up her mind to tell him so when he and Linda came home from school. But to ease the jolt, she made a batch of brownies, Tommy's favorites.

The brownies were on a plate in the kitchen when the kids got home. Linda took a handful and gathered her jacks and ball and went down the street to her best friend's house.

Tommy hung around the kitchen eating brownies, drinking milk, opening and closing the refrigerator door.

Helen looked at her son. He was as tall as some men, but he was still a boy. He had a boy's face. Oddly, the longer hair made him look older.

She surveyed it critically. The combing and hair stuff were beginning to have an effect. The hair was staying down, the part was straight.

"Gosh, Mum," Tommy said, taking another brownie, "these sure are good. You're a nice old lady."

"Thank you," Helen said dryly.

At such a remark she knew her mother would have sunk into a chair and begun fanning herself to keep from fainting, and Marge Boston would have immediately tried to probe for the reasons behind such outrageous behaviour.

"In fact," Tommy said, leaning against the sink, "I love you with all my heart."

"That's nice," Helen said.

He had been joking. Suddenly, he turned serious. "That's not right," he said.

"What's not right," Helen asked.

"What I just said. If I have to love you with all my heart, I won't have room to love anybody else—"

"Have to?"

"Some kids have to," he said. "Greg has to love his mother best in all the world and not anybody else. Didn't you know?"

Helen wanted to cry, but she fought back the tears.

As casually as she could, she said, "You've got something there. You ought to be able to love a great many people."

But Tommy's moment of philosophy had passed. He scooped his baseball glove off the rack near the kitchen door, and started out. "I'll be late," he said. "I've got practice, and after that I'm going to get a haircut."

"A haircut!" She couldn't hold the words back. "I thought you—"

"Sure," he said. "I was letting it grow, but I'm going to get a crew again—"

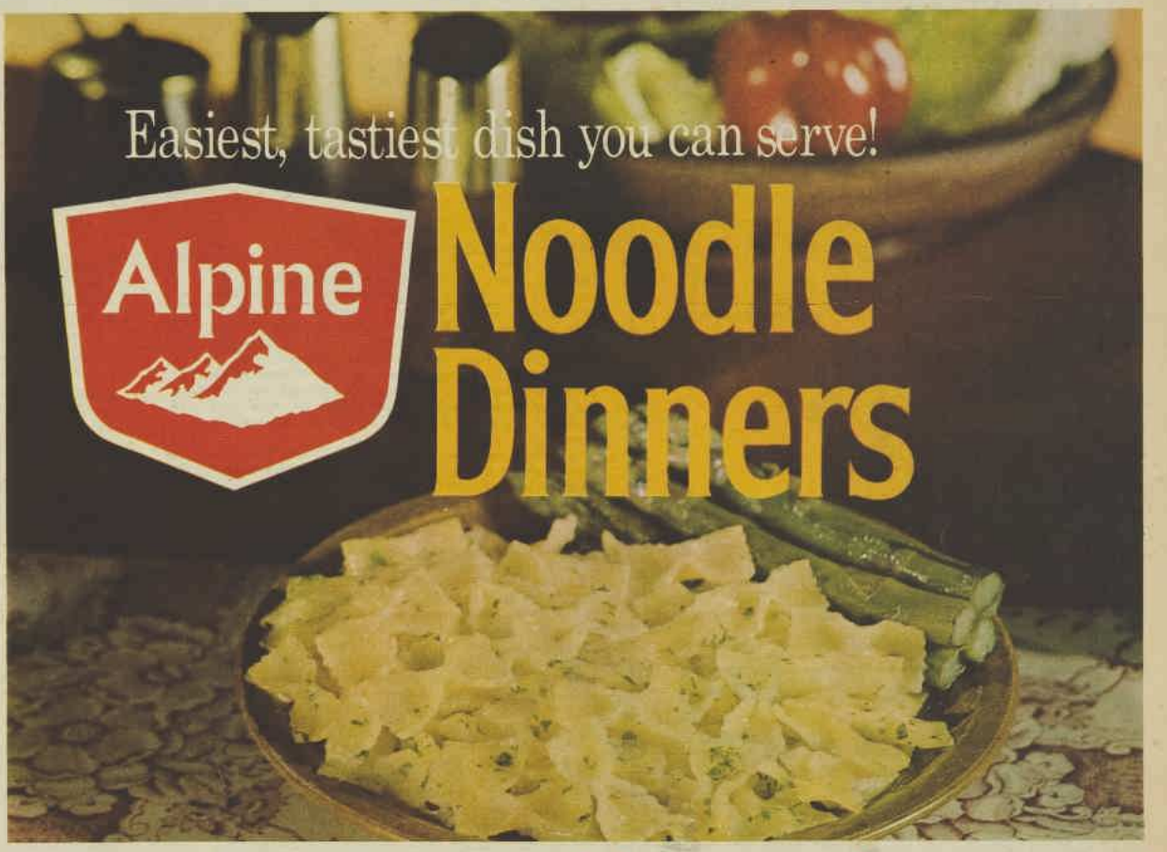
Helen felt a faint twinge of disappointment. She really didn't want him to yield to pressures.

"It falls in my eyes when I don't wear my cap," Tommy said, "and besides, I found out long hair makes my head hot."

Helen stood staring at the door when he had gone. The trouble with Tommy, everybody said, and they seemed to know what they meant, but Helen hadn't known.

Now she knew. The trouble with Tommy was that he was in the process of growing up to be a man, and nobody was holding him back.

(c) 1964 by Mary Lange Jones.



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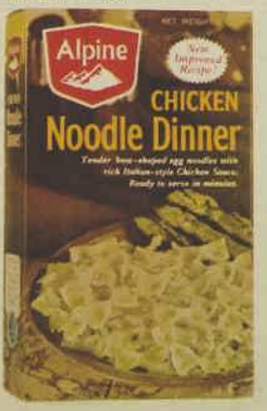

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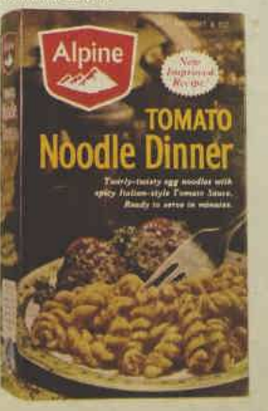

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BM/1882

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Castles in the air

Concluding instalment of our two-part serial

By Philip Wylie

WHEN Inter-Continental Flight 1105's departure from Miami airfield is delayed, most of the passengers are annoyed but resigned. However, one, JASON MORRISON, is angry because he had wanted to be in New York in time to attend a board meeting where he will try to save his company from disaster. He already has enough troubles on his mind, as his young wife, ANGELICA, has just left the airport with a younger man to return to a party. A real-estate deal Morrison had planned in Miami appears to have gone against him, and he has just received a telegram from his son by a previous marriage.

Finally, captain ROGER BEATTY and his crew make a normal take-off and everything goes well until they reach the let-down point for New York, when the plane makes no response. It will not go down or even change direction.

As Beatty and pilot BILL WHITMORE discuss this phenomenon, stewardess ANNABELLE McCLAEN enters the cockpit to say Morrison, who used to fly, wants to know what is wrong. They tell her to ask him to join them. PETE BELLAND, the communications officer, then discovers they have lost contact with everyone. Morrison cannot help and it appears they have two and a quarter hours' fuel to run out. Beatty tells the other passengers some unknown "condition" is maintaining them at altitude and they will have to cruise on until the "condition" clears.

One elderly passenger, a scientist, DR. LUDMEYER, calmly discusses different possibilities with Morrison, while a schoolboy panics and the rest of the passengers try to hide their fears. Dropping off to sleep for a while, Morrison wakens to find everyone crowding to look at snow-capped peaks ahead of them. Beatty, knowing there is only twenty minutes' more fuel, gives orders for a crash landing. NOW READ ON:

IN the first-class and tourist cabins loudspeakers began to spell out "the drill." Seat-belts tight. Pillows. Coats.

Morrison rose and reached for his topcoat. Then he remembered he had folded it carefully and put it on a hanger in one of his suitcases to avoid carrying it through the hot Miami night. But his movements produced something: the unopened telegram from Cambridge. It fell out of a coat pocket and he picked it up. When he'd made himself as ready as possible for a crash, he opened the yellow envelope. The last thing he'd think of before he perished, he reflected, would be his son, his only heir, Dick. Dick's arrival time in Miami, he'd been sure. But he was wrong. The wire read:

Flunked out and enlisted Marines stop See you sometime—Dick.

An almost soundless cry of agony issued from Morrison's throat. Flunked out.

Marines.

His eyes filled with tears. Dick had been his only remaining solace. Dick, who would graduate one day from Massachusetts Institute of Technology (with honors, he'd assumed) and gradually learn the family business, so that eventually he would take charge. Dick, who would bring from the institute all the up-to-date technical know-how of metallurgy. Dick, who would lead the business to new triumphs in its specialised field. Dick, who was a brain as well as an athlete and who had been called a "personality kid" by his classmates almost from grammar school.

Dick — who had unpredictably and uncharacteristically flunked out.

Morrison turned to Dr. Ludmeyer. "Do you think we're dead?" he asked.

Morrison's personal cup of grief overflowed. Questions he could not answer poured through his stricken mind.

What had caused this ultimate family disaster? Had they spoiled the boy? Did it matter? Would there even be a rare-metal refining company for him to lead eventually? Probably not, he mused bitterly — the chances were already near nil.

Would there even be money to return Dick to M.I.T. after his hitch in the Marines — assuming Dick wanted to try again? Probably not. Why had he staked so much capital on so insecure a thing as South Florida's real estate and so dubious a matter as the course of a merely proposed throughway? It hadn't seemed dubious when he'd bought.

And what about Angelica, if he — his estate, that is — was worthless? Why had he married a woman so much younger than himself? He loved her — but did she love him, in spite of what she'd made him believe? Was her sudden interest in that Tully chap proof of one more error he had made . . . in the many? Who was Tully, anyhow? He hadn't had time to find out.

And now he was probably about to die in a plane crash. Even if the captain managed to land without wrecking the ship — how could they return from where they would be? Death itself did not so much distress Morrison as the fact that, now, there would not even be a chance for him to continue the immense effort he had made to meet, measure up to, and resolve the endless anxieties of living. He had faced death many times before. In war. But the prospect seemed worse now, for reasons of unfinished business and vast problems that would go unchallenged.

His anxieties became such a torrent that he felt he could not bear their weight any longer. His breath became short. His rib-cage slowly built up an agony new to him: heart attack, he guessed, in desperation. The end of weeks and months of accumulated fears.

But he did not suffocate or fall unconscious. The pain ebbed and his circling anxieties seemed to fade. Presently he became aware of a fact his brain had noted somewhere in its inaccessible regions: the plane's engines had slowed slightly; it was descending smoothly; and the other passengers were talking again in low, astonished tones about the landscape below. He raised his head — realising he had bowed it down in his brief component of bodily pain. Looked out.

A high hill with a square-patterned cloak of green fields and darker green forests passed on his side of the plane. Black cattle — Angus steers — polka-dotted some of the lighter green rectangles. And, preposterously, on the summit of that sun-glistened hill stood a medieval castle, unruined, complete, its portcullis lowered against a blue and sparkling moat, battlements, and donjon tower throwing crenellated shadows on a garden, and in its courtyard people moving about.

Another castle came into view on a next hill as the plane swung in a wide curve. Then, on other hills and small mountain peaks — on a promontory about a winding river — and on the edge of a cliff that projected from a mountain-shoulder — he saw still other castles, dozens, occupying similar sites into the far, bluish distance. This unexpected vista of a landscape that could not be contemporary or even real — in view of the numbers and proximity of the castle — absorbed Morrison's attention.

He did not know it, but his overwhelming worries had left him.

On the flight deck, Peter Belland clamped the earphones over his damp, cropped hair, and turned dials out of habit. They were looking for a place to land and when they approached that condition Pete always listened. He

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Stitches from the past

THIS may be of interest to W.B. (N.S.W.), who wrote of her souvenir of old hand-sewing days. Mother's first child was born in 1886, and I have the little reels of cotton she used for making baby clothes. They are a little over 1in. high, and the tops and bottoms the size of a sixpence. One even still has the label on it, reading J. Brook Bros., Meltham Mills, 200yds. The cotton is still usable for fine hand-sewing.

£1/1/- to E.D.D., Manilla, N.S.W.

* * *

A POLISHED wooden workbox, satin lined, given to my mother on her eighth birthday in 1882, and now mine, still contains a very small reel of unused navy cotton, as well as a little needle-holder shaped like a bellows. Completing it is another memento of old hand-sewing days, a bodkin,

£1/1/- to Mrs. Grace Strahan, Victoria Park, W.A.

* * *

CAREFULLY packed away in my linen-press are a double sheet and bolster-case, both of fine linen, every inch hand-sewn by my grandmother for her trousseau. Cross-stitched in red cotton on each is "F.T. 1845." The sheet has had the "side to middle treatment," all carefully stitched by hand. These articles serve to humble me when I feel discontented with my old sewing-machine and covet one that will "do anything."

£1/1/- to E.H., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

* * *

READING W.B.'s letter, I was reminded of having made all my first baby's trousseau by hand. In those days, 50 years ago, babies wore binders as well as petticoats, and singlets were made of the same material, such as fine calico or lawn. Mine were pin-tucked and edged with lace. Nappies were also hand-hemmed. I have some of those awful binders made from flannel in my "treasure box." How the modern mother laughs when I show them!

£1/1/- to "Gran" (name supplied), Auchenflower, Qld.

* * *

THE modern generation cannot understand the pride our grandmothers had in fine stitchery. I have a box of sewing samplers made by my grandmother before she was 11 years old, in 1886. There is a buttonhole, a three-cornered darn, a beautifully matched patch, and a small piece of whipped frilling.

£1/1/- to F.M.R., Hurstville, N.S.W.

DOROTHY DRAIN is on holidays. Her verses will appear again on her return.

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Handcuffs at home

WHEN my husband arrived home from an auction sale with half-a-dozen pairs of old handcuffs, I wondered what possible use we'd have for them. However, the children all claimed a pair for handcuffing their bikes to posts in the shopping centre. My neighbor, too, makes use of a pair by anchoring her expensive washing-machine to a post in her outside wash-house. She had always been afraid that thieves would take it when she was away.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. D. Stewart, Midland, W.A.

The young visitor

A YOUNG cousin we had up for the weekend noticed my mother putting coffee crystals in her coffee. After watching her for a moment, he said, "Gee, Aunty Jean, you've had that sugar for a long time — it's all gone rusty."

£1/1/- to Miss P. A. Birrell, Beaumont, S.A.

When moving house

WHEN moving house it's a good idea to number each packing-case, then list the number and the contents of the case in a notebook. Saves time just to check in the notebook when some item is required in a hurry before unpacking is complete.

£1/1/- to Y.J.B. (name supplied), Shorncliffe, Qld.

The vanishing eiderdown

THERE is no need for all those tapes recommended by Mrs. Penn. Just put your eiderdown underneath the top blanket and it will stay put. Also it will give more warmth.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. M. Deason, East Malvern, Vic.

Togetherness in the suburbs

MY husband's parents lived in the same house for 50 years. Neighbors were of the same family, seniors on one side, son and his family on the other. We built our home in another street of the same suburb, and our neighbors on either side were the sons of the family living next door to my husband's parents. We have now lived here for 43 years.

£1/1/- to "In-between" (name supplied), Granville, N.S.W.

Turning off Channel Dream

MY small son had been troubled with nightmares, and when, after an untroubled night, I said to him, "What, no bad dream?" he replied, "Yes, but I woke up and turned it off."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Briani Corrigan, Windsor Gardens, S.A.

Try to be ambidextrous

EVERYONE should try to learn to use both hands in doing daily tasks. I didn't realise this until I hurt my right hand and had to do everything with my left. When my right hand gets better I intend to go on using my left hand equally as much as my right.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Estelle M. Rae, Prahran, Vic.

Rain on the hot tin roof

DURING the worst of the drought the proprietor of our local plant nursery was telling a customer that he had heard a light shower fall the night before. "Go on," said the customer, "you're not old enough to know what rain sounds like."

£1/1/- to "Dryasdust" (name supplied), Alstonville, N.S.W.

Encyclopedia in the home

WE have invested in an adult and children's encyclopedia set, but our friends say we are silly and have wasted our money, because it will never be used by our three young sons. My husband and I read the books and find them interesting and informative. What is the experience of other readers?

£1/1/- to "Octopus" (name supplied), Doncaster, Vic.

"Am I being an old fool?"

AS the mother of seven children, three of them teenagers, I try to keep up with the times. I must admit I am an Elvis fan, I like the Beatles and the Twist, and never miss a chance of watching our modern entertainers on TV. My children expect me to know all the answers, and I try to do just that. Am I being an old fool at 40, trying to keep up with these children of mine? Or should I just fade into the background?

£1/1/- to "Mother Hep Cat" (name supplied), Fassifern, N.S.W.

New methods for old

HOW many housewives use common sense in discarding old methods and trying new ones? For instance, I have found that by pegging men's singlets on the line by the bottom, I reduce the wear on the shoulders, and the singlets last much longer. There must be many cases where new ways are better than old.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Strutt, Rainworth, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

MY wife was looking at her youngest daughter's tartan dressing-gown.

"The dressing-gowns are climbing again," she said despondently.

It happens every autumn. As the nights grow cooler, the dressing-gowns are brought out. Then it is found that they have climbed up people's legs.

When my youngest daughter first got her tartan dressing-gown it came down to the floor. She shuffled about in it like a monk — a Scottish monk, I mean, with a tartan outfit.

The sleeves were so long they had to be turned back when she came to breakfast. Otherwise they fell into the Crunchy Flakes.

She called it her "guessing-gown" then. She didn't like it, either. "I don't want to wear my guessing-gown, I want a cardie," was the cry.

In time she got used to it, but it had begun to climb. Over the feet at first; then over the ankles; then slowly up the legs. Now it has reached her knees.

EVER UPWARD

The sleeves have retreated, too, leaving her wrists uncovered.

What is the answer to the climbing dressing-gown?

We can rule out the idea of making the child smaller, like Alice in Wonderland when she drank the bottle labelled Drink Me. That

would hardly be desirable, even if it were possible.

The only answers are: To let the dressing-gown down (but it has been let down already). To use one handed down by someone bigger (but that one is gone at the elbows). Finally, to buy or make a new dressing-gown.

That was the answer in this case. It was why my wife looked despondent.

I like dressing-gowns. You appreciate them more when you are grown up.

People no longer have to coax you to wear them by saying: "Look at the bunny on the pocket!"

Also, they help you to size up characters on television.

If a man wears a dressing-gown with shiny silk lapels he is a sinister sophisticate — bad to the core. If he has a woolly dressing-gown, he is a decent family man.

A woman in a quilted dressing-gown on TV is wholesome and will make a good wife and mother. But if she wears something you can see through, watch out. She means trouble.

Another important point: when you are grown up your dressing-gown does not climb. Around the age of 17 it reaches a certain point on your legs and comes to a stop.

After that it may get worn; holes come in pockets; seams split; colors fade. But it does not remind you of your advancing age by that steady, relentless *climbing*.

GIRLS

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AT CHEMISTS AND STORES
21/6

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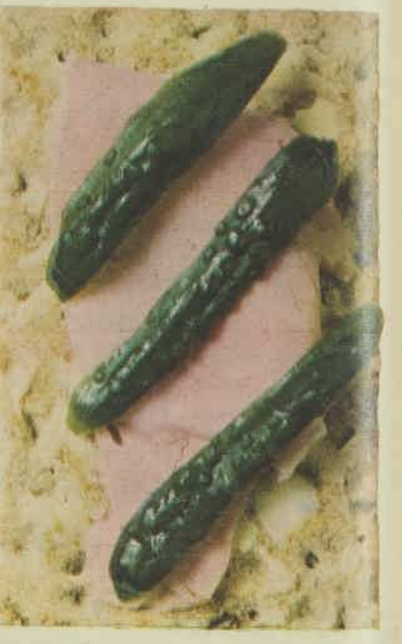

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A young wife tells how a foolish "fib" snowballed until she was . . .

Entangled in a web of lies

● The lie that started all my trouble was completely pointless and completely thoughtless. I was certainly not deliberately trying to deceive Larry — after all, there's nothing disgraceful about having been sick. And, what's more, I love him too much ever to lie callously to him.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

SO if you asked me why I got myself into such a ridiculous, miserable situation, I'd have to tell you I don't really know, or maybe that I was simply following the line of least resistance.

Regardless of *why* it happened, though, I got myself so badly caught in a proverbial "tangled web" of deceit that it's a wonder I ever found my way out.

It all started because I'd had rheumatic fever when I was in my teens.

I was 22 and my illness was nearly seven years behind me when I met Larry. By that time, apart from making sure that I got an electro-cardiogram and a heart X-ray at my annual check-up, I seldom thought about it any more. I certainly didn't consider myself handicapped.

That's why I can't understand, even today, what made me say and do the things I did. Maybe it was that after I'd gone out with Larry a few times and knew how much he meant to me, I didn't want to risk losing him.

One Saturday—it must have been about our fourth date—we were supposed to go to a football game. The weather was drizzly, cold, and windy.

Now, anyone who has ever had rheumatic fever has to be particularly careful about catching colds. Even though doctors don't know the immediate cause of the disease, they do know it is usually "triggered" by a strep infection, such as a sore throat.

And since one bout of rheumatic fever makes you more susceptible to repeat attacks, my doctor had warned me never to risk getting an infection if I could help it.

As a precaution, he had me do what all rheumatic fever veterans are supposed to do: take penicillin daily. But even so I knew it would have been foolish for me to stay outside in raw weather.

I should have simply explained all this to Larry when he came to call for me. But, for some reason, I didn't. Instead, I made believe I was sniffling, said I already *had* a cold and didn't want to get a worse one. So we stayed home and watched the game on TV.

Maybe my subconscious mind was worried that if Larry knew the truth he'd be chary of getting more involved with me, as he wouldn't want to marry someone who might be considered "sick."

I remember thinking that I would tell him about it when we knew each other a bit longer.

Always the wrong time . . .

There were many times I had a chance to explain the facts to Larry—and didn't. I remember, for instance, that when he asked me to marry him I knew I should clear things up right then and there. But it seemed wrong to spoil that moment.

That continued to be the trouble after our marriage. Whenever I decided to confess, it was the wrong time.

I suppose this was just another subconscious delaying tactic; another way to put off an unpleasant task. But, by procrastinating, I kept digging into a deeper hole.

Right from the start of our married life, there was the problem of my daily dose of penicillin. Rather than face the issue, I hid the bottle of capsules and took my medicine in the privacy of the bathroom. But what I'd forgotten was the monthly chemist's account.

Larry was writing cheques one night when he called across the room, "Say, can this be right, Jane? We didn't order all this penicillin."

"Penicillin?" I said, flustered. "Well, I—er, did have a touch of a virus. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to worry you."

"But this bill is for enough penicillin for a hospital!"

"Oh, the chemist must have made a mistake," I said, amazed at how automatically I covered up one lie with another. "Give me the bill and I'll straighten it out."

Next day I gave the chemist Larry's cheque for the other charges and paid cash for my penicillin. Tonight, I said to myself, I'll explain the whole thing. And that evening I actually started to work the conversation round to the point of unburdening myself.

But I stopped short when it occurred to me, suddenly, that this really was the worst possible time to do so. We were only a few weeks back from our wedding trip . . . Larry would be sure I'd lied to him just long enough to snare him and that now I had him I didn't care what I told him.

Mind you, it wasn't the long-ago illness I was concerned about; it was the whole pattern of lies I had constructed—*that* was what I was ashamed to admit.

So, instead of telling Larry, I decided to buy my medicine for cash from chemists where I wasn't known, even if I had to scrimp on household money or the cleaning woman to do it. Isn't it strange how twisted your thinking can get?

I was addicted to maintaining a lie. This was brought home to me even more vividly when I developed an abscessed molar. Our dentist said the tooth should be pulled.

Instantly I remembered what I had often been told by a doctor — that anyone who had had rheumatic fever needed to take special precautions against infection in the event of any kind of an operation, even a tooth extraction.

The only catch was that our dentist was Larry's best friend. If I explained my situation to him, it would get back to my husband.

I acted badly. I said I wanted to consult another dentist. Then I waited a few days and told Larry the consultant had advised having my tooth pulled by a dental surgeon.

And then came the panic!

When Larry swallowed both my stories I picked a name out of the phone book and had the job done.

A few weeks after the extraction I felt sharp pains in the region of my heart. I panicked. The only explanation that occurred to me was that some infection had lodged there and that I was in big trouble.

For a while, characteristically, I did nothing except worry. But when the pains didn't stop, I finally went to the doctor. He gave me a thorough examination and said I was fine. "But what about the pains?" I asked.

"Certainly nothing organic," the doctor said. "I would suspect they're purely nervous symptoms caused by anxiety. Have you been under any special strain lately?"

I had indeed, but I didn't tell him about it. There was only one thing to do to ease that strain, and I made up my mind to do it.

I must have made a dozen false starts that evening trying to tell Larry the whole story. Each time I couldn't make myself go through with it.

We went to bed, and I lay awake for hours. And then, just like a woman, after waiting months to find the right time and the logical opening, I woke my husband up at 3.30 in the morning and blurted everything out.

He looked at me as if I were crazy. "You scared me half to death waking me at this hour," he said.

"But did you hear what I said?" I persisted. "I've been lying to you about this all along."

"Yes, I heard. But do me a favor," he said, turning over on his side, "tell me all about it again in the morning, huh? I think I'll understand it better then."

And, just like a man, he went back to sleep.

It wasn't until I told him all over again at breakfast that I was satisfied he really knew what I had done . . . and that he forgave me for it.

He said only one thing that hurt me and I had it coming to me. Very gently he said: "You could have told me the day of the football game. You should have known it wouldn't have made any difference. You should have known I loved you . . . and trusted me more."

It's good to be out from under the shadow. But maybe what I went through was all for the best. From my little foray into deceit I learned two important things.

One is that there isn't any such thing as a "little" lie. And the other is that the worst ordeals people face are the ones they make for themselves.

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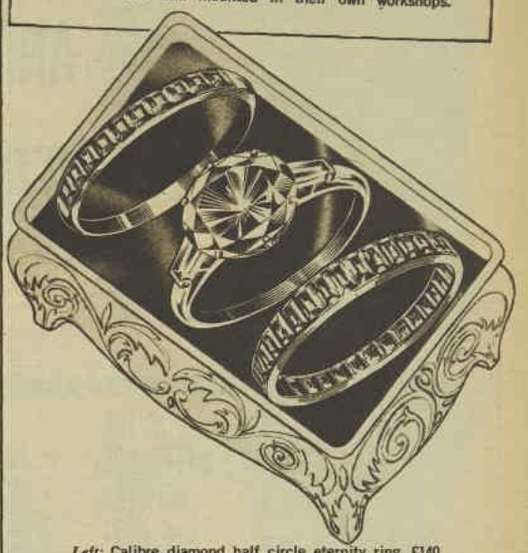

Left: Calibre diamond half circle eternity ring, £140.
Centre: Magnificent brilliant cut diamond with tapered baguette shoulders, £3,775.
Right: Baguette diamond full circle eternity ring, £540.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

A CHOICE OF FRUIT TREES

A PERSIMMON TREE is worth its place in almost any garden for appearance alone.

SAME TREE in autumn garb, which is as eye-satisfying as the vivid late-summer fruit.

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Fruit trees have a place in most gardens, although the average area is generally too small for more than one or two.

IT is very satisfying to pick your own fruit. In addition, some fruit trees earn their places as ornamental trees—oranges, persimmons, and loquats, for instance. Remember that most fruit trees need at least 15ft. of space, and the soil around them should stay free for cultivating and fertilising.

Because of the wide range of climatic conditions in Australia it is possible only to generalise about the suitable varieties.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 179

In warm, sub-tropical places attention can be given to papaw, mango, banana, avocado, and grapefruit and other citrus trees.

For temperate districts, citrus, plums, early peaches, nectarines, apricots, apples, figs, persimmons.

For the cool and more elevated areas, apples, pears, cherries, quinces, and apricots do well.

The home gardener is faced with the problem that some fruit trees are self-sterile and require cross-pollination with another variety.

In this category are cherries, apples, pears, and many plums, whereas peaches (*with one or two exceptions*), nectarines, and apricots are self-pollinating.

Lack of cross-pollination means little or no fruit, or dropping of fruit at an early stage. With those, it is therefore necessary to have at least two trees or varieties in the vicinity which flower at the same time.

Make sure the site is well drained, as most fruit trees will not tolerate wet feet. An open, sunny position, sheltered from strong winds, is best, although some will stand moderate shade.

Plant at least seven feet away from neighbors' fences, unless you are on very good terms and would like to make some tempting offers.

The soil should be well broken up over the whole area, not just around the holes, and any available compost or well-rotted manure worked into the surface.

Deciduous trees are best planted in June or July. Citrus trees can be planted in February or early March in frost-free areas, but spring planting in September is a good time.

For deciduous trees, prepare holes about 9in. deep, with a small mound in the bottom on which the young tree is placed with the roots separated and spread more or less evenly over the mound.

Cover with fine soil, press firmly down, fill in the hole, leaving a saucer-shaped depression, and water. Be sure not to plant deeper than when growing in the nursery (determined by soil marks on the stems).

Never place manure or fertiliser in the hole. This can be worked into the surface soil later.

Early shape

The top growth of deciduous trees should be pruned to ensure a good framework for future growth (if the nurseryman hasn't done it already). It is desirable to have three or four main shoots coming from the stem at different points. Any other smaller ones can be removed, cutting well back to the stem.

The main shoots should be cut back, leaving four or five buds, the top of which should point in the direction which is desired for the growth of the shoots.

If the young plant has no definite shape cut the main stem back to 12-18in. high, and remove all spindly shoots.

Citrus and other trees, which are bought with a ball of soil wrapped about with hessian, are planted without disturbing the soil or roots.

When firming the soil down in the hole, avoid trampling too near to or on top of the ball.

NEXT WEEK: Fruit tree maintenance

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 180

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● A few weeks ago I wrote about the furniture and the interior decoration of the White House. This morning, while I was looking for something else altogether, I turned up a tattered piece of paper on which, years ago, I'd copied out the recipe for making the whitewash with which the White House is painted.

SO, if it's your ambition to be able to say nonchalantly to your neighbors, "Oh, yes, I always mix my own — I use the same mixture as the Johnsons use on their place in Washington," here's how you make it.

Take half a bushel of unslaked lime, slake it with warm water, cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, add a peck (14lb.) of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water, 3lb. of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, and stir in boiling hot ½lb. of powdered spanish whiting and 1lb. of glue which has been previously dissolved over a slow fire. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well and let it stand for a few days covered, so that no dust gets in. The whitewash is then ready to use. It is best applied hot to the walls, with small brushes. One pint of the mixture will cover a square yard.

Obviously, I copied this out at some time when I was bitten by the do-it-yourself bug, and put it away while I thought about (a) the problem of finding a container big enough to brew it in, and (b) discovering what spanish whiting was and where you can buy it.

I still haven't got (a), or discovered (b), but I should think a paint shop or household supplier would be able to help anyone who wants to keep up with the Johnsons. A note at the bottom says that the whitewash retains its brilliancy for years, and can be used for inside or outside work.

The problem of the "perfect" painter . . .

THE whole subject of painting is a sore one in this household. My approach is to say, "That room needs painting. I'm not doing anything on Wednesday. You get me some paint and I'll get it done."

Then Hugh points out that it can't be painted until this crack and that hole have been stopped with patching plaster, this bit cleaned down with a wire brush, and that bit thoroughly sandpapered.

He's a 100 percent perfectionist on preparing for a painting job. So I do something else on my free Wednesday, and the years go by.

He's perfectly right, of course, though I sometimes think that a botched-up job that looked clean might be preferable to living with the discolored dints and bulges for so long.

As a frustrated botch artist, I find the paint ads annoying. Mrs. Do-It-Yourself, with not a hair out of place, ushering half a dozen guests into the sitting-room that she has painted herself that day with a quick-drying non-smelling paint. I believe it. I believe all the claims for the paint, but what I won't accept is that she can be so unruffled about the whole thing.

Didn't she spend twenty fruitless minutes looking for the turps to get the paint off her jeans and then hurl them, still paint-smattered, into the laundry?

Didn't the paint run down the handle of the brush? Hasn't she got any round her cuticles and under her nails? In her hair? And why, in the name of common human justice, are her walls perfectly ready for a quick lick of paint whenever the spirit moves her, while mine are battered and scarred by learner-drivers of tricycles and traymobiles and trolleys?

With my White House recipe I found some other hints on painting that I've copied down at various times and never remembered when I've actually got a paintbrush in my hand.

Bothered by paint running down the handle of the brush? Cut an old rubber ball in halves and slip it over the handle so that it makes a cup to catch the drips.

Bothered by paint running down the sides of the tin? Glue a paper plate to it the day before you paint. This will catch the drips and give you a place to rest your brush when you want a breather.

D'you want to get the smell of fresh paint or varnish out of a cupboard you've just painted? Slice an onion and leave it in the closed cupboard overnight. I'm not quite sure how you then get the smell of onion out of the cupboard, but you'll think of something.

Tips to tame the handyman's temper

LUMPS in the paint, and you simply can't face the messy job of straining it? You can't if you're like me, one of the now-or-never-let's-get-it-over school of painters.

All you have to do is to cut a circle of wire mesh (window screening) the size of your can of paint. Stir the paint and put the circle of mesh gently on top of it. The mesh will settle slowly to the bottom, taking all the paint lumps with it.

If you're one of the sort who goes in for proper preparation first, put petroleum jelly on doors, window hinges, and catches so that any paint will wipe off them; fill up any old nail holes by shooting thinly mixed patching plaster into them from an eye-dropper; and put toothpicks into the nail holes where you want to rehang pictures so you won't paint over them and lose them.

If you have to sandpaper any moulded or grooved woodwork before painting it, wrap the sandpaper round a pack of old playing cards. This really is better than a solid block, because the cards slide and "give" enough to fit the shape of the moulding.

This trick I learnt from my beloved son, who used the only decent pack of cards in the house to clean the moulding on a table-top he wanted to paint. It didn't do the cards any good, but he certainly sandpapered all the old paint off the moulding quite successfully.

And, finally, if you're mad with ambition and decide to paper a room yourself, using paper that isn't already gummed: add a few drops of food coloring to the paste, so you'll see if the paper is completely covered with paste.

If you've missed spots, the paper will come loose there, and you'll have bubbles and bulges. A few drops, just enough to give the paste a tinge of color, won't show through the paper, but will let you see whether you've got an even coating.

Are you doing anything interesting on Wednesday? Painting? Paperhanging? Picnicking in some nice peaceful open-air spot?

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THE LEFT-HANDED CHILD

● Not so very long ago left-handed children were forced to try to write with the right hand. Then one school of thought said: No, this is harmful. Let the child use either.

By BERYL O. BAILEY

IT has been estimated that about ten percent of us are left-handed.

Only about three people in every 200 are ambidextrous and, therefore, able to use both hands equally well. So we live in a more or less right-handed world, and most tools and gadgets are designed for the right-handed majority.

Due to this fact some psychologists now wonder whether it may, in fact, do no harm to encourage a left-handed child to attempt tasks with his right hand.

Lots of clever people cannot write with their right hands very well, but it is a useful thing to possess this skill. That is the best way of presenting the case to such a child.

It is important that the left-handed youngster do not feel in some way inadequate or inferior. Explain to him that footballers usually have a naturally preferred foot. Why, even his favorite champion probably has!

Many of us have better vision in one eye than the other. So in many ways we just cannot help this left or right business.

Do not forget that there are many degrees of left-handedness. With some children the preference for using the left hand is very slight. Such youngsters could become quite skilled using their right hands for most tasks.

But if the preference is a very strong one indeed, then even the most well-meaning attempts to persuade Junior to use the right hand will fail.

It is possible even with very small children to see which hand is preferred. Notice whether Johnny or Mary uses the left or right hand to pick up small toys. If you offer an ice-cream, which hand does the toddler take it with?

Stroking a cat or dog, throwing a ball, or using toy scissors are other occasions to observe which hand is favored. All these pointers should make it abundantly clear to you whether the degree of left- or right-handedness is very pronounced. Failing this, your doctor could probably give you a decision in a difficult case.

Even if your youngster is only slightly left-handed and willing to try to use his right hand more, do not expect wonders at once.

Neatness in handwriting will obviously suffer for quite a long time, and there should be ample encouragement — but no suggestion of forcing from parents and teachers.

If at any time the child appears to find the effort too much, then do be wise and let the matter drop. This would seem to indicate clearly that he is more left-handed than was first believed.

Just say to the child: "Never mind, it was worth a try, wasn't it?" and repeat your encouragement about the many clever folk who through life remained left-handed.

In such cases it is a good plan to see that he does use his left hand as skilfully as possible. And buy him a pen with a special type of nib catering for a left-handed writer. This will help to improve his handwriting.

Left-handed writers often tend to hold the pen or pencil too near the writing point, thus partly obscuring their own writing. Encourage your left-handed youngster to hold the pen higher up to avoid this.

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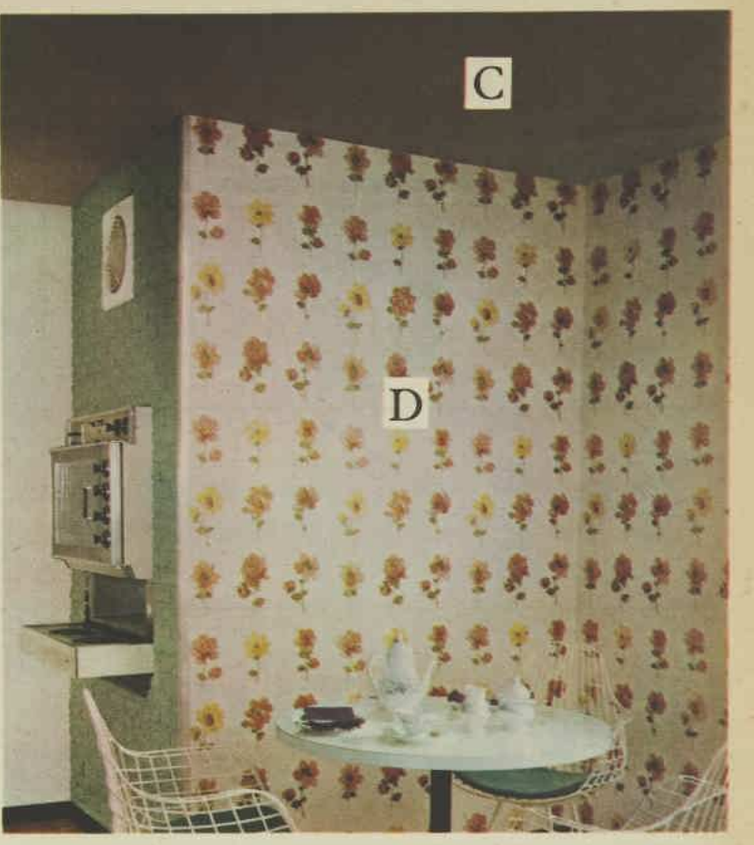

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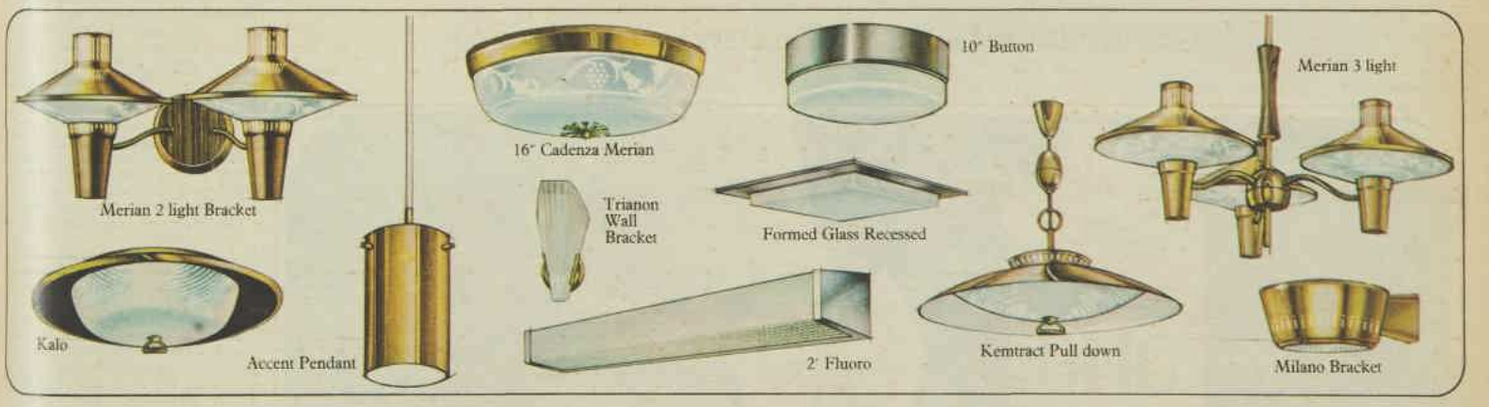

If you find home decorating interesting, this is a competition you'll really enjoy. It's a wonderful opportunity for you to win a Kempthorne light fitting for EVERY room in your home (up to 10 fittings). There are exciting consolation prizes, too. 36 Kempthorne pendants will be awarded to the six best entries from each state.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

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2. In addition, to illustrate your decorating flair, tell us which Kempthorne light fitting you would choose for one of your OWN rooms.
You can select from the fittings illustrated or from Kempthorne's Book of Lighting, illustrating 150 superb Kempthorne lights in full colour.

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ENTRY FORM

NAME (block letters) _____

ADDRESS _____ STATE _____

Choice for Lounge: (A) _____ (B) _____

Choice for kitchen: (C) _____ (D) _____

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Johnson Wax Research discovered the secret of successfully combining hard-working floor cleaners with a super quality self-shining polish in one product.

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These are just a few of the comments from satisfied **One-go** users—with "Reasons-Why." Now prove to yourself that **One-go** really does all that it promises—"clean off all the dirt and grime. Wipe on shine at the very same time."

STOP PRESS: Latest grocery store check shows One-go now outsells all other floor care products only six months after introduction.

FROM **Johnson WAX** THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW MOST ABOUT FLOOR CARE

HE WAS HER MAN

Continued from page 25

a slightly too-large navy-blue light coat of wool de chine. I had brown tie shoes with Cuban heels.

Thinking back on that ensemble, I must have looked, at the best, quaint! But I remember that I was tolerably pleased with myself.

Of course, the great morale builder was my haircut! Mother had finally consented to my parting with my plaits, and now my hair was a romantic, jagged mane about my shoulders, because mother could not bear to have it entirely "bobbed."

At the first shearing the hairdresser had marcel-waved it, and it had looked very passable indeed, especially when I studied just my head and shoulders, with my chin well up, in the looking-glass above the polished chest of drawers.

When I arched my eyebrows and languidly lowered my lids I was sure I looked quite like Marlene Dietrich.

However, marcels were out of the question as a regular thing, and I had to compromise with steel curling-pins. The effect was all right as long as it didn't rain.

It was not spring, although I feel it should have been. It was the end of summer. But for me it was the beginning of a new year, and the air seemed full of infinite spring-like promise.

Life was opening up before me and I was eager to embrace it. I was learning new things, finding new independence, making new friends.

There was a girl in my typing class, Margaret Wood. Very soon we discovered we lived only a street apart. We caught the same train each morning into the city, and after a while we formed the habit of walking to the station together.

MARGARET was a second-year girl, eighteen months or so older than myself. She was a tall, gentle, dark girl, and I was fair and very small. We must have looked rather odd, together, but we got along very well indeed.

I don't know why she asked me — I daresay during our talks she had gathered that I led a very quiet, dull little life, and maybe she was a tiny bit sorry for me. Anyway, one day Margaret asked me to go to a surprise party.

I had never heard of such a thing, and was thrilled at the explanation that she was organising a crowd of boys and girls to take their supper and pay a surprise call on a girl whose seventeenth birthday it was going to be.

"Oh, I'd love to!" I said with tremendous enthusiasm, because I had never been asked to a grown-up party, but in a second, all my joy was gone, because Margaret added, casually, that they would all be wearing evening dress!

"Evening dress!" I could only stare at her aghast. I whispered, for it seemed a deep and shameful thing that I, at fifteen, should have no evening dress. "I haven't got an evening dress."

Margaret looked down at me with kind concern.

"Perhaps your mother will . . . ?"

I shook my head miserably. Not even to Margaret could I admit that I could not ask my mother for such a thing.

Our poverty, genteel as it was, had never mattered before. Now I felt the ignominy of it, and the unfairness. Here

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HE WAS HER MAN

was a chance for me to have an evening such as I had dreamed about. A really grown-up party at last! And I had no dress!

Margaret said worriedly: "Perhaps you could get a loan of one, Josie?"

I shook my head again, hopelessly. Margaret's people were reasonably well off, but there were four children, two girls and two boys. No doubt Margaret and her younger sister had to share. But probably she had friends, like herself, and it was quite usual for them to exchange their dresses.

I could not tell Margaret that I had no friends like that. That we had always kept to ourselves. It had something to do with my father being an invalid, and my mother always so busy, and so careful.

"Nothing of mine would fit you," Margaret went on. "I'm too tall!"

"They all dress up," she added, after a pause, in which we had both wondered if I could get by in something else.

"I know," I murmured feelingly, and I really did. In these days it would have been unthinkable, at a party, to wear anything else. We were very formal. It took a war, and austerity, and rationing to shake us out of that.

"It doesn't matter," I lied, and tried to lie bravely, but only sounded doleful. I remember how the street looked doleful, too, and even where we stood that day. It was outside a block of yellow sandstone flats, and I remember how a dreary little wind blew about the plane leaves that had already begun to fall.

We parted and I hurried home, hugging my disappointment hard to my breast. It was the first bitterness I had tasted.

I said nothing to my parents, although my mother looked at me sharply once or twice, and after tea I went early to my room. Behind the closed door I permitted myself a little orgy of self-pity.

I got out two of my most prized possessions, suddenly become even more precious in the light of Margaret's invitation. They were a pair of black strapped, medium-heeled evening shoes, just a trifle worn at the side, and a little beaded evening bag with only a few beads unravelled at the back.

These had been given me by a fairly youngish aunt when she was clearing out her wardrobe while I was staying with her.

My hot tears fell upon them. I should never, never wear them!

I read some verse before I went to bed. Milton, in sombre mood. *Hail thou goddess, sage and holy. Hail divinest Melancholy!*

I think I cried myself to sleep.

I missed our usual train next morning, but, just as I was going into Bookkeeping, Margaret passed me in the corridor and grabbed me.

"It's all right!" she hissed, conspiratorially. "I've got a frock for you! See you at lunchtime."

We went downtown at lunchtime and bought ham rolls and eclairs and ate them out of the paper bags as we strolled back up the city streets. The mellow sunshine spattered through the leaves of the beech trees and dappled the pavement. Pigeons pecked in the gutter. It was a beautiful world.

It had transpired that the day before, Margaret's mother had bought a new evening dress for Joan, Margaret's younger (and shorter) sister, and Margaret had persuaded Joan to lend me her other one. We were very happy. We were very young.

I remember how I raced home to tell Mother. Margaret Wood had asked me to a party. It was evening dress, but it was all right, because Margaret was lending me a dress!

Mother was a little dubious, but I suppose she didn't have the heart to dim the radiance in my face. So she consented. I could go to the party.

The strange thing is that I have no very clear recollection of that dress. I don't even remember whether I was disappointed in it or not. I had no parallel for it, so how was I to know? Looking back, I feel I may not have been entirely modish.

I know it was mostly pink silk net, and it was a remodel of a fashion when the skirt had been long at the back and dipped up and down in front.

SOMEONE had filled in the dips with georgette, of not quite the same pink, to make the skirt an even, all-round ankle-length. But it was soft and feminine and frilly, and I had never worn anything half so pretty, so I was content.

"It's a little low in the neck," Margaret's mother said critically, as we all dressed together in the girls' bedroom. "It wants something . . ." She went away and came back with a diamante pendant. In the dressing-table light it twinkled like diamonds. "You'll take care of it, won't you, dear?"

My cup of happiness brimmed over when, at the last minute, Joan, who had been trying not to be sick all day, had to give in and stay at home, and Margaret at once said couldn't I have Joan's cape? A little white fox cape.

The "surprise" went off very well. The young guest of honor had been taken to dinner in town by her father and we were already all assembled when they returned.

I can still see the flushed, excited face of that girl, Betty her name was, and how she rushed upstairs and came down in an evening dress to be like the rest of us. Betty would have been older again than Margaret, and I regarded her with deep admiration.

Her dress was a dark green crepe, rather slinky, with wing-like bits trailing from the shoulders. She had a sleek, dark semi-shingled head, soft eyes, and a sensitive red mouth. I thought she was really beautiful.

I suppose that party was much as teenager parties are today. At the beginning we all sat around rather awkwardly, although the rug

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 12.

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, silver, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Two good stars dominate the week. If you're a working woman there could be good news on the job. If you want any concessions from the boss, see him now. The 16th is adverse.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

★ Still your most important cycle, and the green light still beckons you on. Some good stars promise a windfall for some, financial gain for others. The 16th is bad for romance.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

★ You have some very nice stars, with a lot more round the corner. The 12th and 18th are adverse, but the rest of the week gives plenty of scope to improve personal affairs.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ Regard the 16th and the 18th as accident-prone, and enjoy what could be a full and fruitful week. Love and romance burgeon. A good time for important writings, signing contracts.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

★ Things should go smoothly on the home front and with your loved ones. Favors real estate and all to do with house and home. Be careful on the 16th and 18th.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ The 16th and 18th are days to be handled with care, but the rest of the week a conjunction of Venus and Jupiter gives you a lucky break and a welcome hand in new ventures.

LIBRA SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, black, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

★ There's a little of the egghead in most Librans, and this week you should shift your sights to larger mental targets. Be careful in what you write or say, 16th and 18th.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Friends and close associates could play an important role in your life—perhaps helping a wish to come true. Your native vigilance could prevent trouble at home, 16th and 18th.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, jade. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Most Sagittarians like nothing more than striding ahead to broader vistas, and the stars co-operate in paving the way. The snag is the unlucky 16th and 18th. Stick to routine.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, yellow, tan. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Many Capricornians think hard and patient work is a substitute for trusting Lady Luck. With the exception of the 16th and 18th, many will get that lucky break.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ You may get a jolt from some friend or acquaintance or some hope could suddenly vanish, but the times favor the concerns of Cupid, especially on the 17th, so be ready for romance.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Married folk could enjoy pleasant times, good for ironing out marital problems. All benefit from a week dominated by a brace of happy stars, but use caution on the 16th and 18th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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HE WAS HER MAN

was rolled back and the gramophone was playing.

Although I was shy I was very enthralled with my surroundings. I had never before been in a house where one room opened into another and I was most impressed.

Betty's mother, who had received us and stayed with the young people for a short while, was elegant in black lace and crystal beads, and Betty being able to rush upstairs to casually don an evening dress, that was just there waiting for her, not having to be fretted over, bought, or borrowed, added the final touch.

In those days it had just become the dashing and bohemian thing to sit on the floor, and the older and more assured of the party had already casually flung themselves down, and one or two of the girls were actually smoking.

The gramophone played *All Good Friends and Jolly Good Company* over and over, as that was the current favorite, and *Shuffle Off to Buffalo*, and *No More Money in the Bank*.

A boy did a rather self-conscious imitation of Eddie Cantor singing *Whoopee*, and one or two couples got up and foxtrotted inexpertly on the floorspace, but most of them hung over the gramophone.

One of Margaret's brothers danced with me. I daresay he was put up to it by Margaret, as she was organiser and very occupied in trying to get everyone to have a good time. But I did not really mind sitting practically alone. It was enough for me to be there, in the company of boys and girls in evening dress.

As I sat I could see my toes in silk stockings peeping in a sophisticated kind of way from the froth of pink net, and I revelled in the feeling of this worldly me.

The boys were all nice, smooth-haired and fresh-faced, but I had not found any particular one of them exciting.

For the first half-hour the brightness was inclined to be forced, and the gay laughs scattered, and I felt there was something lacking and as though they all wore an air of waiting.

Then there was a loud peal at the front doorbell, a murmur of voices in the hall, and a new young man stood calmly in the doorway.

This one was quite different from the boys in the corner hanging over the gramophone.

He was not particularly good-looking, only medium height, and rather slight. He had dark, crinkly hair and a pale, clever-looking face. He stood there in the doorway, quite at home, looking around at us all, and slowly smiling.

At the sight of him everyone sat up, and it was as though a little thrill of pleasure had passed right around the room.

"Bon!" they called in unison, in glad voices. "Ah, there, boy! Hul—lo, Bon!"

Now they were all smiling naturally and warmly, and crowded around him to bang him on the back and press drinks upon him and draw him into the waiting circle.

BUT he waved them all away, and, frowning slightly, crossed the room to the mantelpiece and straightened a picture that hung there. Then he moved a vase a fraction, looking at it critically, and finally turned about, taking a glass from someone's hand.

One of the younger boys on the arm of the couch where I sat, giggled.

"He always does that," he said to me, admiration in his voice. "Bon always goes around straightening up the pictures!"

"Who is he?" I asked, timidly.

"Bon Cartwright!"

Leisurely, this Bon Cartwright put down his glass on the mantelpiece and walked up the room to speak to Betty. The large, shiny box he'd been carrying under his arm came out and was placed on her knees.

True as the skies above . . . I knew, as soon as I saw them together that Bon and Betty belonged together. They were in love.

But he was doing her wrong . . . for there was something amiss.

Betty received the chocolates coolly, and turned an indifferent ear to what Bon had to say.

Dancers moved in front of them. A lot of the boys and girls were dancing now. Margaret, with a secretly pleased expression, went by with a boy a great deal shorter than herself. That would be Lloyd, I thought. She had told me a lot about him.

A voice beside me said abruptly: "Do you dance?"

It was Bon, and he looked rather fierce.

I said breathlessly, "Well—I—"

"Thank heaven!" he said and sank down beside me. "I don't, either!"

He had sat close to me and the weight of him, sinking back, took me with him. Our heads rested, side by side.

He turned his head against the couch back and smiled into my startled eyes. "You look a bit small! Shouldn't they have thrown you back? What's your name?"

"Josie," I breathed, and held on to those narrow, shining eyes.

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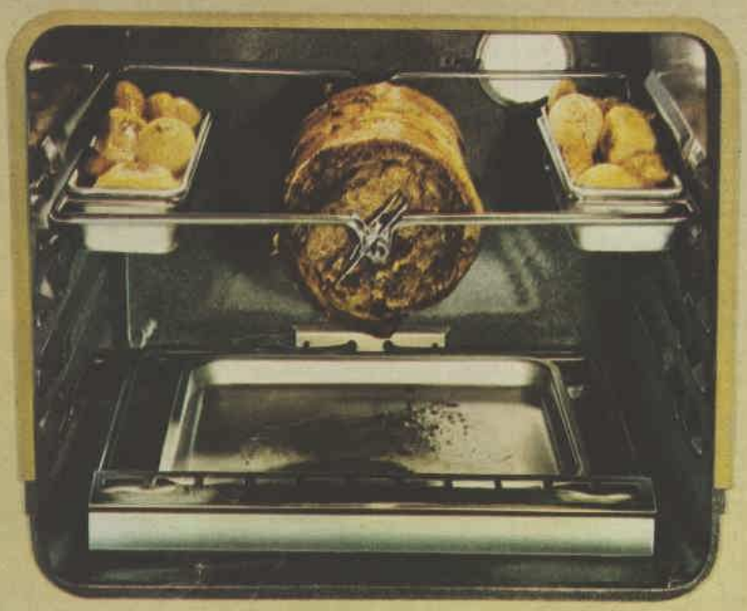
A fine product from EMAIL



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HE WAS HER MAN

"Josie!" he echoed, "Josie!" He said it rather heavily and I got a delicious frightened thrill that he might have been drinking. Was that, perhaps, why Betty—?

"Josie . . . and she doesn't dance?" he closed his eyes.

"Well," I confessed, "I do a little bit. I mean I like to."

Opening the eye nearest me, Bon looked at me a moment sidelong, then moved his head against the couch. "But not waltzes! Say you can't bear waltzing!"

"No," I admitted. "I can't waltz yet."

"Ha!" He barked a little, short laugh. Someone came up to him but he waved them off. "Go away!"

"I'll tell you what, Josie. Not just now, but in a little while, I'll take you up for a nice quiet foxtrot. Or a blues. Yes, a blues, I think. It doesn't matter whether you can do it. You'll do it . . . with me. But now . . . soothe me!"

"Why?" I asked, amazed. Why should anyone like him want soothing at a party?

"I don't know. I guess my ego's bruised. Just soothe me, Josie!"

"I wouldn't know how to start," I said, looking at him shyly.

"Josie!" His voice was reproachful, ". . . and when I caught sight of you from over there, I thought to myself — there's a soothing kind of little girl, all soft and pink." He opened his eyes. "You know you look very cuddly. You know it, don't you?"

"No!" I said, embarrassed, not knowing what to say.

"You shouldn't look like that, if you don't mean it," Bon said. Then he sighed, and slid his arm around me and tightened it about my waist.

His eyes were shut again, but his face was smiling, gently. "That's a nice start," Bon said. His voice sounded as though he might go off to sleep any minute.

A dancing couple moved near and the girl excused herself and broke away, going toward the door. At our couch she paused for a tiny second and looked down at us. It was Betty.

She went on again, quickly, out the door. I guessed she was going to see about the supper.

Frankie went down to the corner, just to get a bucket of beer . . . That's what we used to sing. I think the crowd singing in our rumpus room sang something different. They've changed it since. But young hearts don't change.

A new record was placed on the gramophone, and the throbbing, mournful notes beat out in the room.

Bon opened his eyes. "This is right!" he announced. "We'll dance to this."

I remember all the other records, but I don't remember that one. I had never heard it before. I think it was something by Duke Ellington.

I could dance blues with Bon.

I might have danced forever, compelled by the rhythm and Bon's strong warmth, only a boy came in from outside calling: "Hey, folks! Here's Bon's banjo!"

They dragged him away from me, protesting, and he subsided on the hearthrug, his feet crossed and the banjo mandolin laid tenderly across his knees.

"Frankie and Johnnie!" they begged.

The lights were lowered and the firelight flickered on his long, slender hands.

". . . He was her man!" Bon sang. A shimmering green skirt joined the others crowded about him. His heavy lids lifted and his eyes went slowly up, *". . . and he was doin' her wrong"*

He put up a hand and pulled on my skirt, just behind him. I dropped down with him. "I need support," he said, and they all laughed. The green skirt went away.

Bon sang on. We all sang. It made no pretence at being music, then. It was just a dirge. Monotonous. Melancholy.

"There was Johnnie, foolin' around with Nelly Bly . . ." Nothing mattered while Bon sang. He sang other songs, and we all sang them with him: but *Frankie and Johnnie* was the hit.

There were all kinds of novel and exciting things for supper. It was the first time I had eaten savories. I was enchanted with the little cocktail sausages on toothpicks, and Bon fed me, popping the tiny sausages into my mouth. He wouldn't let me leave him, and heaven knows I didn't want him to go.

But, inevitably, they started singing *Good night, sweetheart*, and I had to thrust myself up from that warm place beside Bon and go into the cold bedroom with the other girls and put on my little white cape. Joan's little cape. Reality began to creep back.

MARGARET whispered, laughing at me as we collected our things: "You did quite a line with Bon!" That was what we said, then: "Isn't he terrible?"

In the hall, by the front door, the boys were putting on their white silk scarves and navy blue double-breasted overcoats.

Betty's mother appeared and went off to round up the stragglers. Margaret went out to the kitchen to get her plates. There was talk of who had cars. Bon was not to be seen.

I presumed I would walk home with Margaret and her brothers. It was not far. But a moment later Bon came striding out of the sitting-room and glanced about. "I'm to drive the girl in the little white fur cape — oh, you're the girl in the little white fur cape — come on! And Margaret, too, and Lloyd and the boys . . ."

We said nice, polite good nights to Betty's parents.

Betty was gaily farewelled, and she was very bright in return. But, somehow it seemed forlorn to leave her alone on the doorstep when all the party was trooping out.

Bon turned back. "Bet. Come for the ride?" but her reply came back like a shot: "No!" Bitter. Final.

Frankie drew back her kimono, took out her little forty-four . . .

Had I witnessed the death of love? I wondered.

We went out into the chilly night. It had been raining. The others laughed and squealed as they picked their way through the dark garden. Off the path, I stumbled, holding blindly to Bon's hand, and felt my thin satin shoe sink into sodden grass.

He pulled me back. "You mustn't follow everywhere I lead," he said gently. "That could be dangerous."

In the car everybody sang again. We were all packed in together, tight and warm and sweet. I rode in the curve of Bon's free arm, and the stuff of his overcoat was harsh and lovely against my cheek. But in a few, too short minutes it was over. We were at my door.

In the general shuffle to let me out, Margaret leaned over from the back seat and whispered discreetly: "Josie! Would you mind? Mother's pendant . . ."

I also slipped off Joan's cape, and like Cinderella, ran up my path to the front door. Bon had opened the gate, and now he followed me, as I fumbled under the mat for the key.

He took hold of me and turned me around, and lifted my face with his hand under my chin. I shivered. I looked up into his face. It came to me then, the sad sweetness that this was too soon. Not mine! "Bon!" I beseeched him. "When you drop the others—go back to Betty — now!"

He looked hard at me, and he slowly nodded his head. "You're pretty nice, sweetheart," he said.

"Good night, sweetheart!" The gate banged, and he was gone.

Bring out your rubber-tyred hearses . . .

I crept into my room. The house was stuffily quiet, and down the hall I could hear my father breathing. Mother called, softly: "Josie!" and I answered quickly: "Good night, Mother. I'll see you in the morning."

I undressed quickly and hung Joan's dress behind the door against my bed, and when I climbed into bed and turned on my side, wide-eyed still in the dark, I saw it hanging there, like a pale wraith of the party that was now over.

I sat up in bed and reached out and gathered the soft folds of the dress up to my face. It was redolent of cigarette smoke, but more than that.

It smelled to me of glamor and romance and heartbreak and renunciation. I buried my face in it and breathed deeply of the exotic perfume of the party—my first party; and the small ache for the kiss that I had sent away melted into one hot tear, and soaked away into the pink georgette.

I let the dress go, and it fell back soundlessly against the door, and as I fell asleep it vanished and I turned over with a happy sigh.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

Talented photographers Jim and Joan Robinson of Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane, know the value of All-Bran† in their diet.

"For us, All-Bran is the perfect cereal"

Ask Jim Robinson what you need to be a top photographer and he'll tell you **stamina**. For Jim has worked a 60-hour week for years — often assisted by his lovely wife, Joan. "When you work long hours like Jim," Joan says, "you **must** have a properly-balanced diet. That's why we start each day with a serving of All-Bran."

She continues: "All-Bran has the nourishment we need to keep us on the go, and it tastes delicious, too. It's the **perfect** breakfast cereal, in my opinion."

How All-Bran helps you! All-Bran isn't a medicine or a drug. It's a special, nut-sweet breakfast cereal — special because it has the "bulk" you need **every** day for healthy regularity. (This vital "bulk" is missing in many other foods — for instance, meat, milk and eggs have almost none.) That's why you need All-Bran to **balance** your diet and make sure of healthy, youthful regularity. Enjoy it for your own breakfast — soon.

ALL-BRAN

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Give a Kitchen Tea with a difference... and make all the Goodies with Tulip Margarine

Have a bit of fun! (for very little money). Decorate your cake with gay plastic pegs or spoons. Serve Swiss Biscuits on a grater. Pop Choc-mallows into little moulds. And when the party is over give them to 'the bride to be' as a special bonus gift.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE CAKE: 4 ozs. TULIP MARGARINE, 4 ozs. Sugar, 6 ozs. S.R. Flour, 2 tblsp. Cocoa, ½ cup Milk, 2 Egg Yolks—AND 1 whole Egg, 2 tblsp. Brown Sugar.

METHOD: 1. Mix cocoa and brown sugar to a paste with ½ cup milk. 2. Cream TULIP MARGARINE and 4 ozs. sugar together. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition, then whole egg. 3. Add cocoa mixture gradually. 4. Lastly, mix in flour alternately with ½ cup milk. 5. Bake in an 8" ring tin in mod. oven 40-45 mins. Turn cake upside down and cover with meringue. Return to oven to lightly brown, about 10-15 mins.

MERINGUE: Beat the 2 unused egg whites with a pinch of salt until stiff. Add 4 tblsp. of sugar gradually, beating until sugar is dissolved. For Shower Tea decorate cake with plastic clothes pegs, trim with ribbon.

SWISS BISCUITS: 8 ozs. TULIP MARGARINE, 1 Egg Yolk, Redcurrant Jelly Jam and Lemon Spread, ½ cup Sugar, 11 ozs. Plain Flour, about 1 tblsp. Milk.

METHOD: 1. Cream together TULIP MARGARINE and sugar until light, beat in egg yolk. 2. Stir in sifted flour, mix thoroughly, chill two-thirds of the mixture 1 hour. 3. Roll out two-thirds of the dough to about ¼" thickness—cut into circles, using a 2" biscuit cutter, carefully lift onto a greased tray. 4. Place remaining one-third of dough, plus all the scrap pastry into a bowl, add the milk and beat until smooth and soft. 5. Using a small star nozzle and forcing bag, pipe this soft dough around the edge of each biscuit. 6. Bake in mod. oven 15-20 mins. until golden brown. 7. When cold, pipe redcurrant jelly in half of the biscuits, and lemon spread in remaining ones.

FREE RECIPES: For Choc-mallow recipe write, 'phone or call at the Daffodil Cooking Demonstration Centre, 4th Floor, McDowells, King Street, Sydney. Telephone 2 0159, ext. 170.

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PLATE SUPPERS

● Plate suppers, to which everyone brings a plate of food, take all the work and worry out of catering for a crowd — and they provide fine eating!

Color picture by Ian Mitchell

SWEET AND SAVORY FOODS for a plate supper are Savory Bread Cases, an assortment of tarts, an easy-to-make prettily decorated Chocolate Cake, and a fruit drink.

WHEN there's a meeting of the Mothers' Club, the Tennis Club, or a gay get-together of teenagers, the food problem is easily solved with a plate supper.

Everyone brings a plate of good things to eat, and by the time all have arrived, the table is filled with a tempting and widely varied assortment of food.

You can decide in advance who will bring sweet foods, who will bring savory, who will provide the drinks — or, if the meeting is to be held at someone's home, the hostess could provide tea or coffee.

The following recipes have been specially selected for plate suppers. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

SAVORY BREAD CASES

Two packets fresh sliced bread, 6oz. melted butter or substitute.

Cut crusts from bread, brush on both sides of each slice with little melted butter. Press into patty tins so points of bread become "petals," and the centre of bread is base of case. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes or until lightly browned. One loaf of sliced bread should make 24 bread cases. Prepare well ahead of time and reheat in either of two ways. Pile unfilled cases on tray and reheat in moderate oven, then fill with hot filling just on serving. Or fill well beforehand and reheat in oven. This will take up more space in oven. Reheating method usually depends on what oven space is available.

FILLINGS

Basic sauce: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. plain flour, salt, pepper, 1½ pints milk.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour and seasoning, cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, stir over heat until sauce boils and thickens; simmer 2 minutes. Divide into 3 sections, then add the following:

Salmon: One medium-sized can salmon or tuna (drained and chopped roughly), juice 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Asparagus: One medium-sized can asparagus pieces (drained), 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 teaspoon curry-powder.

Corn: One medium-sized can whole kernel corn, drained (or use cream-style corn), ½ cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ green pepper (chopped and parboiled lightly).

EGG AND BACON PIE

Twelve ounces plain flour, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 6oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. grated cheese, water to mix, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½lb. bacon, 6 eggs, salt and pepper, milk for glazing.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne into basin, rub in butter or substitute, add cheese. Mix to firm dough with water. Roll out 2-3rds of pastry, fill into 8in. pie plate. Remove rind from bacon, cut into pieces with kitchen scissors. Place half the bacon into pastry case, top with chopped parsley. Break eggs one at a time into saucer, carefully lower into pie. Top with remaining bacon and parsley, season all layers well with salt and pepper. Roll out remaining pastry, glaze pastry rim, place pastry on top of pie. Trim edges, glaze top, bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold cut into slices.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

One packet chocolate cake mix, marshmallows, glace cherries, 3oz. melted chocolate, whipped cream.

Prepare cake mix according to directions on packet, pour into 2 greased and paper-lined 7in. layer pans. Bake in moderate oven approximately 25 minutes. Turn out on to wire rack, cool. Sandwich layers together with whipped cream. Quarter marshmallows, halve cherries; arrange on top of cake. If desired, sprinkle over a little desiccated coconut. Gently pour melted chocolate over top of cake, allowing marshmallows and cherries to peep through.

TARTLETS

Pastry: Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 2oz. cornflour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder.

Cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy. Add eggs, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Chill a few hours, wrapped in greaseproof paper. Knead before using, roll out thinly on floured board, cut into fluted rounds with floured cutter. Fill into patty-case tins.

Mushrooms: Little jam, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups sifted icing sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, vanilla, little cinnamon.

Bake pastry cases in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cut out stems from any left-over pastry, bake on oven tray. When cold, place small spoonful of jam in each tart shell. Cream butter until soft, add gradually icing sugar and milk. Beat until smooth, add vanilla. Fill into pastry cases. Place small stem in centre of each tart. Sprinkle with cinnamon.

Lemon Meringue: One can sweetened condensed milk, 2 eggs, ½ cup lemon juice, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Bake pastry tartlet shells. Combine condensed milk, egg-yolks, and lemon juice, stand aside to thicken. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beat in sugar, beat to meringue consistency. Fill cooled shells with lemon mixture, pipe meringue on top. Bake in slow oven to brown meringue.

Coconut Tartlets: Apricot jam, 2 egg-whites, ¾ cup sugar, 2 cups coconut, ¼ cup chopped almonds (if liked), few drops almond essence.

Roll out pastry, fill into tartlet shells. Spoon little jam into each. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar. Fold in coconut, almonds, and essence. Spoon on top of jam. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

Neenish Tarts: Three ounces desiccated coconut, 2oz. icing sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, few drops sherry, 2 drops almond essence, 4 tablespoons mixed white icing, 4 tablespoons chocolate icing.

Bake pastry shells. Mix the desiccated coconut, icing sugar, egg-yolk, condensed milk, sherry, and almond essence to smooth and soft consistency. Fill into baked pastry shells. Ice half of each top with warmed white icing and other half with soft, warmed, chocolate icing.

OYSTER CREAM SNACKS

One loaf french bread, butter, 2 bottles oysters, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, pepper, ½ pint cream, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, salt, paprika or cayenne pepper.

Cut bread into slices, spread with butter. Drain oysters, sprinkle with vinegar and pepper. Whip cream until thick, add sauces and seasonings to taste. Spoon on to bread slices, top with oyster.

TOASTED CHEESE SQUARES

Four slices white bread cut 1in. thick, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups grated tasty cheese.

Cut bread slices into 1in. cubes, dip into eggs which have been beaten with milk. Lift cubes immediately, toss in grated cheese until all sides are well coated. Place on greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

Continued overleaf

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SAVORY ROLLS WIN PRIZE

● Steak rolls, cooked in a wine-flavored sauce, and with a hearty filling, make an ideal cold-weather dish for a family. This recipe wins the £5 prize.

SERVE these prizewinning beef rolls with mashed potatoes and green beans.

Spoon measurements are level.

BEEF ROLLS

One and quarter pounds round steak (cut thinly), 1 clove garlic, ½lb. sausage mince, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 large chopped onion, pepper, salt, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 cup beef stock, ½ cup claret, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, bouquet garni.

Cut meat into number of servings required. Rub cut garlic clove over meat, spread sausage mince thinly over each piece of steak, sprinkle with chopped parsley, onion, salt and pepper. Roll up firmly, secure in few places with cocktail sticks or tie with string. Roll in seasoned flour. Brown in heated oil, add stock, claret, tomato sauce, and bouquet garni. Cover, simmer gently until cooked (about 1½ hours); remove bouquet garni. If gravy needs thickening remove meat rolls and bring to boil until reduced and thickened to taste. Replace rolls to reheat. Remove string or cocktail sticks before serving.

First prize of £5 to Miss P. Yates, 7 Market Court, Portland, Vic.

● Send entries in this weekly contest to The Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

PLATE SUPPERS . . . *concluded*

GOLDEN CHICKEN BALLS

One packet cream of chicken soup, 4 cups water, 5 tablespoons butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon gelatine softened in 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup minced cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, oil for frying.

Prepare soup with the water as directed on packet. Melt butter in separate saucepan, stir in flour, cook few minutes. Remove from heat, stir in soup. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add gelatine, chicken, parsley, salt, and pepper to taste; stir well. Chill overnight. Form into small balls, roll in breadcrumbs, dip in egg-glazing, then again in breadcrumbs. Deep fry in heated oil until golden.

SAVORY DIPS

Bacon Dip: Three rashers bacon, ½lb. cream cheese, little crushed garlic, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 or 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, chopped chives.

Remove rind from bacon, saute bacon until crisp, crumble and combine with all remaining ingredients, adding enough mayonnaise to make dunking consistency. Top with finely chopped chives.

Crabmeat Tartare: Two 4oz. packets cream cheese, ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, one 8oz. can crabmeat, 1 tablespoon capers, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkins, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon wedges, parsley.

Beat cream cheese with mayonnaise and lemon juice until smooth consistency. Cut crabmeat into small pieces, fold into cream cheese mixture with capers, gherkins. Season with salt, cayenne pepper if necessary. Spoon into serving-bowl, garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

GOLDEN PIKELETS

No. 1: Four ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, grated rind ½ lemon, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin, add lemon rind and sugar. Mix to smooth batter with beaten egg and milk.

No. 2: One egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Beat egg and sugar well, add milk and syrup. Stir in sifted flour and salt, add melted butter. Stand 20 minutes before using.

Cooking Method: Heat solid-based frying pan or electric frypan. Grease with little butter. Test with one pikelet. Drop about 1 dessertspoonful of mixture on to heated pan from tip of spoon. Cook steadily until bubbles appear on top and base has browned. Turn over with spatula or egg-slice, brown other side. Stand on cake-cooler. Regrease pan when necessary during cooking. Serve warm with butter or honey, or allow to cool, top with a little berry jam and whipped cream.

SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, ¾ cup milk (or use half milk and half water).

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter. Mix to soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead very lightly. Press or roll to ½in. thickness. Cut into rounds or squares with cutter or floured knife. Place on greased scone tray dusted lightly with flour; brush tops of scones with extra milk. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. For soft outside texture, cover scones while cooling with tea-towel; for crisp outside texture, leave to cool uncovered.

Apple Scones: Roll scone mixture to oblong shape about ½in. thick. Spread half the dough with canned apple pulp or well-drained cooked apple pulp. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Fold other half of dough on top of apple, lightly press edges together. Cut into squares, place close together on greased scone tray, glaze. Bake in hot oven about 12 to 15 minutes.

Date or Fruit Scones: Add 1 tablespoon sugar to mixture, mix in ½ cup chopped dates or ½ cup mixed fruit. Reduce milk to ½ cup and add 1 beaten egg.

THE DRINKS

You may want to serve hot tea or coffee; or if a cold drink is required, then fruit drinks and iced coffee are easily prepared.

Fruit Drinks: Use lemon, orange, lime, or other cordial; pour a measure into jug and fill with water (iced, if possible—or drop in some ice cubes) to make to desired strength. Add halved canned pineapple slices and some glace cherries for a pretty garnish.

Iced Coffee: Use double-strength coffee and mix with equal amount of chilled milk; sweeten to taste. Top, if desired, with whipped cream or ice-cream.

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● *Ruby glass jug.*

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COULD you tell me something about my ruby-red glass jug (it has a cut-glass clear base studded with ruby glass) and my porcelain figure of a girl sitting on a sphinx? —Mrs. E. M. O'Shannassy, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Your jug is late-Victorian pressed glass "stained" ruby and made about 1885 to 1895. Your "biscuit" porcelain figure of a girl ("biscuit" is a term applied to specially fired porcelain with an unglazed finish like a biscuit) with a sphinx on an oblong plinth, incised with hieroglyphics, is an Egyptian style group decorated in delicate pastel shades. During the latter quarter of the nineteenth century, "biscuit" porcelain was produced by many Continental potters. In the absence of a factory mark it is difficult to attribute such pieces to a particular potter.

"Biscuit" ware was produced at the Vienna works in Austria and at Staffordshire, England.

● *Porcelain figure.*

WE have recently acquired a pair of salt and pepper containers in the form of two metal owls which we believe to be fairly old. They have a silver and black mottled appearance similar to a pewter. The heads screw on and they have bead-type eyes and stand on little metal feet. They are about three and a quarter inches tall and weigh four ounces. Could you tell us how old they are?—Mrs. A. G. Budds, Burwood, Vic.

Your late-Victorian salt and pepper containers, unless hall-marked with the lion passant, are not silver. Continental silver, which is a lower standard than sterling, frequently bears the numerals 800, which indicates that the pieces could have been made in Austria or Germany. If your pieces do not bear any marks they are fine-quality electroplate about 1885.

Home hints

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful hints.

A NEW coating for crumbed cutlets: Mix together equal quantities of coconut and breadcrumbs, sprinkle with a little curry powder. — Mrs. R. White, 198 Geddes St., Toowoomba, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Mineral turpentine will remove chewing-gum from clothing — even from nylon stockings. But the chewing-gum must be treated before it sets hard. — Mrs. M. Plank, 289 Woronora Rd., Engadine, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A pair of flannelette pillowcases, which are cheap and easy to wash, will make two warm sleeping-bags for baby. Thread elastic through the top hems and the bags will fit snugly round baby's waist. Make two so you will have a clean, dry one on hand always. — Mrs. R. E. Lockwell, 35 Malcolm St., Fremantle, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Make your own cheaper fruit mincemeat by mincing together a packet of mixed fruit and 1 large apple. — Mrs. Lois Knight, 25 Wandoo St., O'Connor, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

When making apple sauce for pork chops, peel and quarter apples, sprinkle with sugar, and wrap in foil. Place this in the frying-pan with the chops so the sauce and the chops will be ready at the same time.—Mrs. D. Stanwix, 23 Morotai Ave., Ashburton S.E. 11, Vic.

★ ★ ★

A small dab of sealing wax on the small screws and nuts in electric toasters, irons, etc., will prevent them from falling out. — Mrs. P. Elphinstone, 10 Ardross Cres., Mount Lawley, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Pieces of gift wrapping paper too pretty to destroy can be used for drafting and cutting out baby patterns. Pieces of the pattern are easily recognised by the floral designs should they become separated. —Mrs. J. H. Harris, M.S. 861, Fernvale, via Ipswich, Qld.

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THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

a small man in a dirty corduroy jacket, with a red nose in a thin grey face.

George's intention had been to leave the damaged greyhound and get out again into the fresh air. But it wasn't so easy. Mr. Pycraft wanted to talk. Apparently starved of human contact, he fastened on to George like a mantis on its prey, pouring out his troubles. Trade was down to nothing. You couldn't get the stuff. Couldn't make a day's wages in a week.

George was by nature a kindly man and he had his troubles, too, so they exchanged notes. He confided that he had had a passing fancy to open an antique shop himself. Nothing ambitious. Bit of china, brass, pewter, and so forth.

Mr. Pycraft threw up his hands in horror.

"Don't touch it, chum. It'd break yer 'eart. There's no room for the small trader now. The big boys have moved in. If you got a bit of money to invest, put it into art." He pronounced the word with reverence. "Art's the thing. Bloomin' world's gone mad on it."

From a newspaper on the counter he read out a list of extravagant prices paid for pictures in London auction rooms.

"Buy on a rising market and yer can't miss. Old art, new art, even Viccy"—by this, George discovered he meant Victorian—"it all sells. There's a fortune in it. Oh, yerse, art's the thing. But you don't pick it up for peanuts these days. You got to 'ave the capital, you got to lay it out and let it work for you.

"It's big business, art is. 'Course, you got to know what you're doing. You can fall on your face quicker in this lark than most." He leaned on his elbows, with his grey, grimy hands, like the paws of an old badger, tucked in his armpits.

"The hexpert eye is needed. You got to 'ave the feeling, too, for a fake or a right 'un, and you got to know good art from bad. There's a lot of old art that's bad. But when it's old and good, there's big money in it. If I had the equipment," he sighed, "with my eye and experience, I could make a packet."

He picked up another newspaper in which he had outlined in heavy pencil an entry in the Personal Column.

"Take a look at that."

George looked. He read, "Widowed lady will sell old painting. Private inquiries only. No dealers." A phone number was given, but no name or address.

"That's the sort of ad. to watch for," said Mr. Pycraft.

"Only came out this morning. If I could pass meself off as a private collector, I'd be on her doorstep as quick as I could get there. But it's no use. They wouldn't let me in by the back door. You need class for a job like this. The posh talk, the big car." He sighed again, and his eyes watered.

"No knowing what this old geezer's got — and ten to one she don't know, neither. Might find a Constable, a Goya, pretty well anything, if you could get yer feet in the door and have a dekko. Be a pushover, too, I shouldn't wonder. Death duties, mortgage on the old home, and that.

"Give her the smooth line. Coax her into selling cheap and quick. If you can't, knock it a bit, tell her it's a copy or the canvas is rotten. Cor, if I had the class and a bit of money to lay out, I'd be down there before you could—"

He stopped. His misty eyes came into focus again and fixed on George. "Why don't you go?"

"Me?"

"You look the part. You'd get in by the front door."

"But I don't know anything about pictures."

"No need to. You got the capital. I got the know-how. We'll go into partnership. Your job would be to make the contact, see? You leave the rest to me. I'll double your money and we'll split the profit. How about it?"

He had become very excited. George frowned. "Is it ethical?"

"Ethical, nuts," said Mr. Pycraft. "It's every man for himself these days."

"I take it that the scheme is to buy the picture for very much less than it's worth. Is it fair to the poor woman? She may be seriously in need of all she can get."

"Look, if she's got a good 'un and knows it, she's not going to sell it cheap to us or anyone else. She wouldn't advertise it like this, in the first place. Old painting. What's that tell you? Nothing. Simple reason is, she don't know.

"Now, if she don't know what she's got and can't be bothered to find out, then she'll be paid no more than she deserves. I'm no perishing philosopher, but that seems ethical to me. What do you say?"

"I'll think it over," said George.

"That's no good. Time you've thought it over, chum, the big boys will have got there and cleaned up. You got to act quick in this business. There's a kiosk outside. Go and ring her up. Say you're starting right away."

George's training had at least equipped him to take decisions. Within twenty minutes he had made the appointment, fuelled his car, left a note for his wife saying he would be back for tea, and was on his way to Lindley Manor in the Essex village of Ryfold.

His instructions were explicit. He was to get in, describe himself as a private collector, examine the picture, and, whatever its condition, say that it needed some restoration and that he would have to call again, bringing his restorer with him to estimate for the work, before making an offer.

Arriving about two o'clock, he found more or less what he expected, a large run-down mansion set in neglected grounds. He was admitted by an elderly manservant and thrown into the drawing-room. Here he sat and looked, or rather peered, about him. The room was very dark and it reeked of damp. Laurels pressed against the windows. The bottle-green walls were hung with blotchy hunting prints and faded watercolors.

Only one oil painting was in evidence. This was a Madonna in Italianate style in a heavy ornate frame. The eye was immediately drawn to it because of its lush tints that pierced even the all-pervading gloom. George, who liked a bit of color, was rather taken with it.

His sentimental soul responded to the Madonna's pious expression, her

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FROM THE BIBLE

● I have become everything in turn to men of every sort, so that in one way or another I may save some.

—I Corinthians 9:22.

Buy '65 Hoovermatic and put this much money away!

The cost? Far less than any other quality twin tub no more than most wringer machines
The benefit? Best performance

No other washing machine can give you such outstanding performance and so many features for such a low price . . . all backed with the world's best known name in twin tub quality. Compare '65 Hoovermatic's incredible value, just 99 gns., much less with your trade-in. And compare its unique twin-tub performance.

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Bonus features: 1. A Linked Heater Timer that pre-selects washing temperature and time. It controls the wash, then switches off when it is finished. **2.** A flat, Formica top that can be utilised as a work bench. **3.** Saves suds for further wash loads. **4.** Uses less hot and cold water than other machines. **5.** A simple control panel . . . easy to see, easy to use. **6.** Stainless steel wash-tub that lasts a lifetime. **7.** Sleek styling, compact design. **8.** Requires no additional plumbing.

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5. Linked heater timer pre-selects washing temperature and washing time. Controls the wash the whole way through—then turns itself off — automatically!	☐	☐
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9. A machine that needs only 8 gallons of hot water.	☐	☐
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Now check price! And check Hoover's amazing trade-ins at your retailer. Point by point, '65 HOOVERMATIC clearly proves best performance at lowest possible price! ☐☐

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Continued from page 48

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

pale, clasped hands, and the gold halo, as big as a dinner-plate, behind her head.

After a few minutes the door opened and in came a tall, white-haired and very imposing old lady. She wore a lace collaret in bygone fashion and long garnet earrings, and she walked with an ebony cane. Leaning on the cane, she held out her free hand with a queenly gesture.

"Captain Harcourt? If you are a bona-fide collector and a true lover of art, you are welcome here. Hard-pressed though I am, I will have no truck with dealers, whom I regard as no better than tradesmen."

George mumbled something in reply and she went on with a quizzical smile, "I expect you have been looking at my treasure. I never thought the day would come when I would be compelled to part with it—but, alas, it has. Life is very cruel. However, my loss may be your gain."

George, unable to think of any other comment, agreed that it might. He went nearer to the picture and stared hard, leaning backwards and screwing up his eyes as he had seen people do in art galleries.

"Not signed, I see," he ventured, after a moment.

"There is no obvious signature," said the old lady, "but the hand of a master is unmistakable to the trained eye."

"Yes, of course. Certainly," said George.

"Would you say that it was valuable?"

THIS question put him in a considerable dilemma. If he said yes, he was committing himself to bidding high for the picture; if he said no, he might be making a grave mistake; if he said he hadn't the faintest idea, which was the truth, he would reveal himself for an imposter and be promptly shown out. He did the only thing he could do, which was to hedge.

"Have you," he asked, "any documents or other evidence of identification?"

"Unfortunately, no," said the old lady. "The painting has been in this room for many generations. It was brought from Italy by my ancestor, Sir Artemus Frobisher, and there is a tradition in the family that it was executed as an altarpiece by a famous Florentine artist."

Florentine? George pricked up his ears. This at least was a word he knew—and it was connected with the Renaissance. Good heavens, the thing might be worth a mint of money!

"Of course," the old lady went on," it is only a tradition. I am not an expert myself and have no time to get the work authenticated. The buyer must rely on his own judgment, not mine. That is why I am willing to take a modest price—just enough to get me out of my little difficulty."

George was now scrutinising the painting more closely. He lifted the frame away from the wall and looked at the back, which was covered with cobwebs. There were worm-holes in the wood. What could be seen of the canvas was extremely dirty and had every appearance of age.

He grunted in what he hoped was a knowing but non-committal way. "Er—what figure had you in mind?"

"I hardly think I would be justified in asking more than three hundred pounds."

Three hundred? Phew! The figure George himself had in mind was nearer thirty. Still, the responsibility of taking the plunge was not his. He had merely to say his piece.

"Quite so. Well, I daresay we shall do business. But the canvas needs some restoration, so I should like to call again, bringing the man who looks after my collection. Will you give me first refusal until this time tomorrow?"

"Oh dear," said the old lady. "I fear I can't possibly do that. Two other people answered my advertisement. One of them is due in half an hour and the other at five o'clock. If either should make a firm offer, I should feel obliged to accept. You do understand, don't you?"

George said nothing. The old lady waited a moment or two and then went on, "It does not seem right to expect anyone to make a long journey for the express purpose of buying my picture, only to be told that I have given first refusal to someone else. I am no businesswoman, but I feel sure that first come, first served is the governing principle in most transactions."

Again she waited, and again George was silent, thinking furiously. She allowed her head to sink slowly on her bosom and when she raised it again George saw, to his discomfiture, that her eyes were moist.

"Captain Harcourt," she said in a low voice, "I will tell you the real reason why I cannot hold the picture, even for a day, to help you make up your mind. I need the money immediately—and I need it desperately. You see before you a sick woman with perhaps not long to live. My doctor has advised an urgent operation which can only be done in America with the new technique they have perfected there.

"All arrangements have been made and a seat has been booked for me on a transatlantic plane, but unless I pay the money tomorow it will not be kept. Do you understand now why I seem in such haste?"

Yes, George understood. The ball was in his court, after all. There had been previous occasions in his life when he had been forced to

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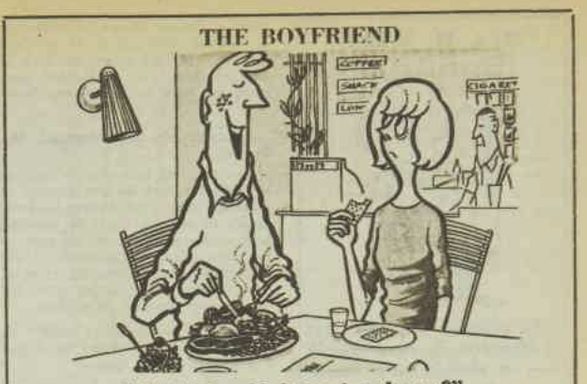

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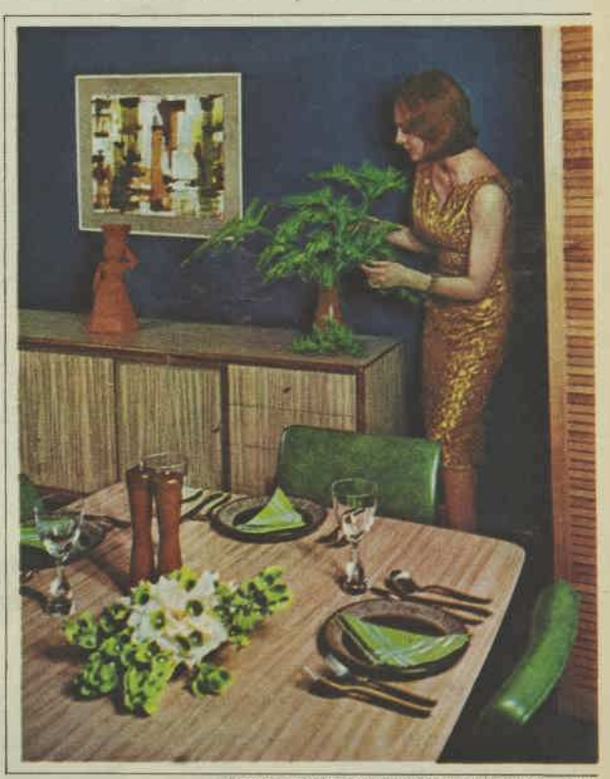

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Mrs. H. WIFE

"So what if you can't get a cigarette in your mouth —you should stop smoking anyway!"

make a drastic choice. To advance or retreat. To attack or to hold his fire. He had shown no lack of courage then, and he showed none now. He took out his chequebook.

. . . . .

"'Eaven 'elp us!" moaned Mr. Pycraft.

The painting was propped against the counter and he was staring at it, at the same time shaking his head slowly to and fro, as if he couldn't believe the evidence of his eyes or his ears. George's account of the expedition, punctuated by cries of expostulation and dismay from his hearer, was drawing to a close.

"What else could I do?" he finished. "She forced my hand and I couldn't consult you—"

"Do?" yelped Mr. Pycraft. "I'll tell you what you've done, you

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THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

perishing juggins. You fell for the oldest con trick in the trade."

"You mean the picture's no good?"

"Rubbish, that's what it is."

"But it's old. You can tell that."

"I ain't denyin' it's old. But there was bad art being done then, same as there is now. And that's a prime specimen, that is. I dunno when I ever saw anything quite so ghastly. Look at the droring, the brushwork. Look at them hands, like suet dumplings. And you bin and paid out three hundred quid. Wasted three hundred quid of our capital. You want your brains looked at."

"I can stop the cheque," said George miserably.

Mr. Pycraft guffawed hysterically, and rolled up his eyes.

"Stop the cheque, he says. Ho my! Stop the cheque? You got as much hope of that as of flogging the *Mona Lisa*. They'll have got a special clearance by now and skipped."

"They?"

"The old gal and the phony butler. That there ancestral mansion was only rented for a couple of weeks to catch a mug. The bait was inserted, the spring was set— and Johnny comes marching in, colors flying, and band playing tum-ti-tum. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear — what a daub! I dunno how you can stand the sight of it."

"I thought it was rather good actually."

"Well, it's all yours, chum. Get it out of here before it turns my stomach. Take it down the Portobello — you might get six pounds ten back. Fiver for the frame and thirty bob for the stretcher." Mr. Pycraft snatched up the painting and thrust it into George's arms.

"If that's all it's worth, I'd sooner keep it."

"I don't care what you do with it, so long as you take it away. And stay away, will you? Me health won't stand another shock like this."

"What about our arrangement? You said you wanted a partner."

At this remark, Mr. Pycraft flew into a terrible tantrum. He hopped about, clutching his scanty hair.

"Partner is the word. That's what I said and that's what I meant. Not a babe in arms, not a infant still suckin' his mother's milk and not fit to be let loose in this wicked world. If they turn 'em out of the Army with no more sense than you got, it's a marvel the perishin' British Empire lasted as long as it did."

Then something in George's crestfallen attitude seemed to mollify him.

"All right, cheer up. I'll try and shift it for you. Worked over a bit it might go, you never can tell. There's other mugs around. I shall want my cut, of course. Leave it here and I'll have a go. Come back Monday."

HAVING no idea of Mr. Pycraft's intentions, George was unprepared for what he found on returning to the shop—and this time it was he who flew into a rage.

He was resigned to keeping the picture if it did not sell fairly quickly. Not only did his nerve fail him at the thought of hawking it in the Portobello Road but he still, despite Mr. Pycraft's savage scorn, felt a sneaking liking for it. It would serve to brighten up his rather austere little study and he had mentally allotted it a place on the wall opposite his desk.

He did not anticipate that Nonie would like it any better than Mr. Pycraft did, but he would tell her he had picked it up for a song in a junkyard. The sum it had actually cost was a serious blow, and every time he thought of it his heart turned over. But he comforted himself with the reflection that experience is seldom bought cheaply.

In this frame of mind he went back on Monday and found Mr. Pycraft busy in the dank little outhouse he called his workshop.

The picture frame was lying on a bench, but the picture itself was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Pycraft, who was tinkering with the entrails of a clock, greeted him cheerfully.

"I done a good job on that daub of yours, though I sez it meself. You'll be surprised."

George certainly was. Looking in the direction indicated, he saw a canvas so blackened as to be scarcely recognisable. Gone were the luscious colors, the rich reds and violets blues. Even the glittering gold halo had vanished into the murk. Of the Madonna herself, only the dimmest outline was visible. She appeared to be hiding in a coal-hole.

"Hung it over a smokepot all the weekend," said Mr. Pycraft with a smirk of pride. "Then I slapped a coat of varnish and sump oil over the soot. Reckon it ought to go now. It's speculative, see, oh, yerss, it ought to go now."

"Supposing it doesn't?" demanded George, who had been rapidly swelling with rage. "I'm stuck with it, aren't I? Now, you listen to me for a change. You dissolved our partnership, you renounced your claim, so that picture belongs to me and I want it restored to the condition it was in when I left it here."

Mr. Pycraft was aggrieved and indignant.

"I told you I was going to give it the treatment."

"You didn't tell me you were going to ruin it."

"I 'aven't ruined it. All it wants

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a cleanin' up. That's a skilled job, that is. I ain't got the equipment."

"You've got a pair of hands and plenty of time. What more do you need?"

"Solvents, and oils, and that. Special stuff."

"Go and buy it."

"What with?"

"Money."

"Whose money?"

"Your money. I've laid out enough of mine."

"More fool you. Of all the prize mugs I ever did see—" They were shouting at each other over the littered work bench. It ended with George's dignified withdrawal—or, in his own phrase, his orderly retreat—from the battlefield, taking the picture with him.

George was so worked up that he had difficulty in sorting out his real feelings in the matter. He did this later in the privacy of his study, having discreetly left the painting hidden in the boot of his car under a sack.

His temperament was equable, and he was accustomed to the practice of self - discipline in situations of temptation or stress. Why then had he allowed himself, as officer and a gentleman, to be provoked into a vulgar quarrel with that awful little crook?

But he was ready to face the consequences, which were likely to be highly unpleasant. He would not be able to take the family to Switzerland for Christmas, as he had promised, and he dreaded the outcry they would raise when they heard the truth.

He did not think he could be suffering from a sense of guilt, either. Whichever way you looked at it, his action could hardly be considered blameworthy — in fact, the reverse. He had fallen victim to a confidence trick because he trusted people and expected them to live up to his own code of honor.

After profound cogitation, George came to the conclusion that it was a moral issue and that his loss of control had been caused by excessive zeal in the defence of a principle.

This picture was at least the work of a man's hand and the fruit of his imagination.

He had felt within him immortal longings, the longing to create, to give form and substance to his dreams. To this end, he had wrestled with the intransigence of paint and canvas, had toiled, perhaps cold and hungry, in some Florentine attic. The result, though no masterpiece, was the best that he could do. It was his offering to the gods.

And Mr. Pycraft had defiled it. Across the centuries the voice of the unknown artist cried out to George to right the wrong.

"Where are you off to now?" Norah asked irritably. "Tea's ready."

"Something to do. Shan't be long," said George.

"Is it important?"

"I think so. You might not."

With this cryptic utterance he hurried out of the house and into his car. He drove to a small art gallery in the region of Wigmore Street.

"I have an old oil painting that needs cleaning," he announced to

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THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

the elegant and polite young man in charge. "Can you do it?"

"We can get the work done for you, most certainly. Will you bring the painting in yourself, or do you wish us to collect it?"

"I've brought it," said George. He marched out to the car and returned with the purchase. The young man gazed at it with an expression which remained inscrutable.

"It does seem rather grubby. Have you any idea what the subject is?"

"Yes. The Virgin Mary. I want the muck removed, varnish and all, and the picture restored to its original state."

"It may be somewhat expensive. You don't mind that?"

"No. It'll be worth it."

"I hope so. Well, you may safely entrust it to our experts. If you care to leave your number I'll telephone you when the picture is ready."

Three weeks passed. Then George was called to the phone. The elegant young man said, "Captain Harcourt? Good morning! We are sorry to have taken so long to restore your picture, but a good deal of work was entailed, particularly in the removal of the overpainting."

"The what?"

"The overpainting. However, this has been successfully done. And you were right—it has proved very well worthwhile. The original subject is not in any way religious. It is a flower piece. A very nice little Van Brussel, signed and dated and still in fine condition. Congratulations!

"May we," the voice went on, "inquire your intentions with regard to this charming and very salable work?"

"You mean, do I want to sell it?"

"Precisely. If so, we would be happy to display it for you in our gallery and negotiate a sale on your behalf. Van Brussel is in great demand among collectors and we anticipate no difficulty at all."

"How much could you get?"

"Certainly not less than three thousand. We would ask three and a half."

"Pounds?"

"No, no, guineas. Would that be agreeable to you?"

George gulped. He managed to say, in a voice that approximated to his own, "Er—yes, perfectly. Thanks very much."

. . . . .

"So everything turned out fine," George added complacently at the end of his story. "I don't mind admitting I was pretty flummoxed when I found out what I'd bought. But it just goes to show. In the art business there's only one thing you can trust—and that's your own eye.

"If I hadn't been rather taken with that Madonna I wouldn't have had her cleaned up. Pity she got wiped out in the process.

"The flower study underneath was jolly good, of course, if you go in for that sort of thing. I like a bit of sentiment, myself."

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

was shocked, however, when he heard a voice and for some seconds he sat rigid, attentive, unspeaking.

Then he yelled to the captain, "Roger! I'm tuned in on their control tower! They say your course should be 232 degrees, altitude 48,000."

Beatty glanced back, his eyes dazed, stunned, "Right."

They flew over other hills — and castles.

Suddenly, through a valley, they began to see something even more dumbfounding than the castles: A flat plain in the middle of which was an extensive "X." Runways! As they neared, they spotted a wind-indicator, a rising series of landing lights, and a control tower above a modest building of contemporary design. Pete kept calling out landing directions.

Automatically Beatty followed them, losing altitude at the suggested rate, letting down the landing gear when so instructed, and soon floating the great jet toward the assigned runway until gently it touched, rose a few feet, and settled and ran forward till it lost speed when Beatty reversed the jets and at the proper moment braked.

"Turn here," Pete called, "and taxi in!"

On a gallery around the terminal a hundred people watched the plane draw near. A man in dungarees came through a door and commenced to wave paddles as the plane edged toward the building. Finally he gave the "power-off" signal and the engines were killed. Then a lone man rode out through tall doors, guiding a self-propelled ramp toward the jet.

It bumped and was made fast. Annabelle opened a door.

Passengers began to stream out, talking excitedly, gaily.

Among them, almost last: Morrison. The people were merry, he thought, because they were alive. Good reason! At the door he paused and said to the redheaded stewardess, "Where—?"

She shrugged, extended her shapely hands, shook her head.

Morrison stepped into warm sunlight and walked down the ramp, aware that he, too — for no comprehensible reason—felt jubilant. His elation, however, seemed wrong, almost sinful. Minutes before, he had been wracked by an opposite set of feelings. But now, as he moved with the straggling passengers toward a terminal — from which music issued, along with a buoyant voice that called, repeatedly, "Welcome!" — he discovered he was marvelling over the variety and degree of his recent dreads.

They still seemed important—but not disastrous. He felt abruptly that he'd missed a point in suffering over them: he was a man; his problems were human and (if he could ever get back) they might be solved by him and by hard effort. Meantime, why worry over them when worry, by itself, or in any combined form, achieved nothing? He even tried to worry — and could not.

His eyes raised. The people who watched their arrival looked like any crowd at any small, international airport.

He glanced back. The young married couple who'd seemed so troubled now passed him, arms around each other, smiling. Their anxiety—whatever it had been—seemed to have dissolved, like his own.

Everybody seemed to be smiling.

And Rog Beatty, last person down the ramp, was whistling—as if the flight had been perfectly normal and he had set his ship down exactly where he had expected to when he'd left Miami. He slapped Whitmore on the back and the two fliers came on, arms over one another's shoulders. As they caught up with Morrison the captain asked, with every assurance his answer would be affirmative, "Things okay?"

"Absolutely!" Morrison's voice answered for him. Yet when he tried to find an error in his reply he could not. And when he tried to analyse that puzzling fact, he failed. His mind was clear on one or two points only. Like the rest, he was glad to have landed safely and to be both alive and unharmed. But things were more "Okay" than that.

Logically, the exchange of a long ride in a jet mysteriously self-directed (or "other-directed," he thought with a smile) for a descent upon a land of floating mountains that—by any sane reasoning—could not and did not exist, could hardly be regarded as calming, let alone as "Okay." But a sense of adventure had possessed him, transcending logic and all emotions.

MAYBE, he thought, it was the extraordinarily high altitude that caused his exhilaration. Then, remembering it was an altitude at which under all known conditions a man would perish in seconds for lack of oxygen—and freeze to death, besides—he gave up once and for all any effort to explain his situation by sensible thought. And the very abandonment of such attempt gave him an enhanced sense of pleasure and pleasurable anticipation.

He was the last one inside the terminal building. There, passengers stood about smiling and joking lightly with each other until an electric truck brought in the luggage and men in blue jumpers unloaded it. They took their time. However, nobody grew restless and nobody tried to push ahead of the others to snatch his bags and be away. Since nobody was worried about anything, nobody hurried. It was that simple — and Morrison was pleased to have hit upon a small fact, the very moment after he'd decided to quit searching for any facts.

When the luggage was unloaded he sorted out and collected his three suitcases and set his tooled-leather briefcase beside them. In due course one of the blue-clad men lifted them on to a handtruck.

"Your name?"

"Morrison."

"Ah. Yes." The man took a list from a pocket and consulted it. "You go to Castle Toujours Souriant."

"Fine."

The handtruck rolled. Doors opened automatically ahead of it. Morrison followed. Luxurious buses, so-called limousines, waited in ranks in the sunlight. Beyond them was a parking yard containing perhaps a hundred new-looking cars of various models. And beyond them was a huge, round bed of blue cannas — a color new to Morrison — in the centre of which a fountain played.

The luggage man stowed his costly suitcases and the briefcase in a limousine compartment. Morrison produced a dollar bill, but the man's head shook. "No money used here," he said, laughing. Morrison laughed, too, because he felt no embarrassment over his error. He asked, "What's the name of this place?"

"Sandspur," the porter said, or seemed to say, as he turned back toward the terminal.

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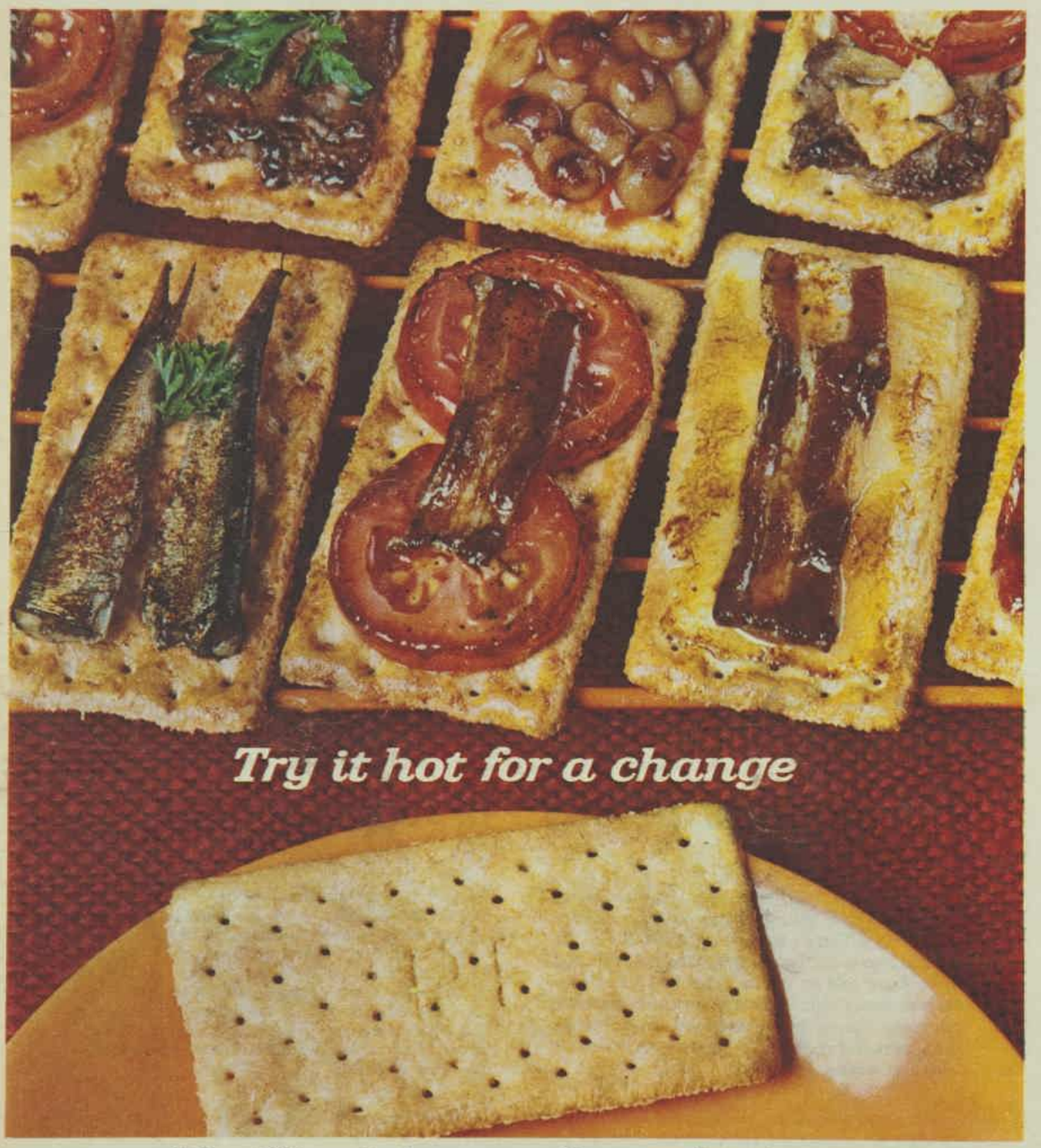

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

Morrison boarded the bus and took an empty seat. The young couple were already there. So was the fat salesman and, also, the white-haired Dr. Ludmeyer. The two prep-school boys. Some others.

A uniformed driver presently swung aboard. The doors closed pneumatically and the vehicle started. For fifteen minutes it sped along a wide thoroughfare — two lanes each way, with a median strip planted in annuals and flowering shrubs, none of which Morrison recognised. The road wound in parallel to a big brook, or small river, in which twice he caught sight of men in waders with fly rods — trout fishing beyond a doubt. Pretty cottages began to appear, and soon, apartment buildings, separated by wide lawns and gardens. Traffic increased — but never to a density that hindered easy progress.

Soon they went through the centre of a pretty town. Old people and children were enjoying its large, central green, shaded by great, oak-like trees. The shops and stores had a vaguely foreign look and the signs over them were in several languages. Their facades were of many styles and yet the whole had a harmony of form and color. And the merchandise shown in their windows was as modern as the buildings seemed antique.

Presently the town fell behind them and the bus-limousine joggled over the tracks of a narrow-gauge railroad. Down the bright rails Morrison glimpsed an ornate, yet attractive station, and on it, in gold letters, against a black field was the name of the town: Two words set together as one. Not "Sandspur," but "Sanspeur." So he and his fellow passengers had landed on the airfield of a place named (when translated) "Without fear"—and he, at least, was en route to a castle called in English, "Always smiling." Sounded fine, he thought.

THEY began to climb a well-paved road with many switchbacks, and soon Morrison became fascinated with the view. Sanspeur lay even farther below them in the heart of largely rolling country devoted to farming and cattle raising. Beyond, other towns could be discerned, and, in the far distance, like white battlements, the snow-and-ice-hung crags that seemed to rim the entire land.

Once, briefly, a vista opened up that differed from others. It disclosed a very deep, widening gorge, with cliffs on both sides, and a flat bottom in which a broad, meandering river appeared. Here and there, through openings in a vine-encumbered forest, the loftiest trees raised domed tops that were brilliant with flowers — yellow, red, purple. While the view of that chasm could be seen, there rose to and through the open windows of the vehicle a steamy heat, so that Morrison's first impression of the vale was confirmed: it contained a great stretch of tropical jungle.

In one stretch of the river far below, he saw antlike figures moving, and realised that at such a distance they must actually be huge. Crocodiles, perhaps, or hippopotamuses. Even—dinosaurs. Who could say . . . till the chance came to ask or, far more stimulating, to explore that gorge?

The hot, damp blast of air was replaced by the cooler atmosphere of the mountainside, and presently the bus crested a ridge, slowed, turned between walls carved of naked granite, and emerged near a lowered portcullis that led to a prodigious castle. From its towers pennons flew, and, as the vehicle stopped, its immense, studded doors began to open. That was followed by an ear-splitting flourish of trumpets.

People on the vehicle now stood up, smiling at each other; they began to leave the bus. Luggage was unloaded by more men in blue jumpers—like those worn at the airport. Morrison realised that he would not have been surprised by pikemen in gaudy, medieval costumes. But he was not disappointed at their absence. Nothing disappointed him, since he now had an absolute certainty that whatever lay ahead would be, in Beatty's word, "Okay."

He went with the rest up the castle's massive stairway and entered its colossal, rather dim front hall. There, a butler assigned a footman to him, a man in livery of the sort seldom seen any more—and Morrison was led to an elevator in which his luggage stood. Its door closed and it rose swiftly. Stopped abruptly.

The footman said, "This way," and picked up two suitcases. Some distance down a long, artificially lighted hall he unlocked a door. Morrison was signalled to enter and found himself in the living-room of a modernistic apartment. The room was two storeys high and its windows gave an extensive view of the towns and farms far below. There was a balcony on to which he stepped briefly. From it he could see a large lake to his left and several ponds set like gems in the mountainside. There was a kitchenette-bar on the same floor and, above it, a bedroom.

By the time Morrison had investigated that much of his chambers, the footman had returned with the rest of his luggage.

"Meals," the man said with a smile and before Morrison could ask about them, "may be had here at any time." He slid a panel and produced a phone. "Just call Room

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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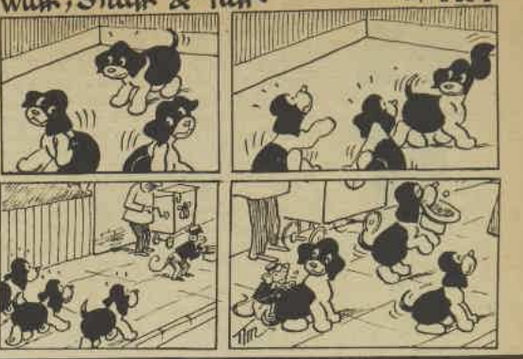

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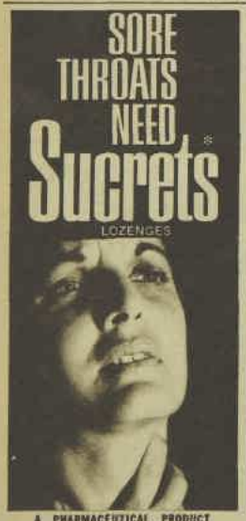

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Continued from page 53

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Service — for whatever you want to eat. Or for anything else you desire. Here —" he opened a door Morrison had not noticed — "is your library. Containing all the books you've wanted to read and never had time to. On those shelves—" he pointed— "your favorite records. The hi-fi —over here. Your sports gear —" he opened yet another door to reveal a large closet neatly packed with equipment for hunting, fishing, golf, skiing, and swimming — "is in here. If you wish to eat in public, there is the Great Hall, the intimate Pearl Room — the Jade Room and the Chansonette, a night-club. Diagram of the Castle, here —" he indicated a large, architectural drawing on the wall.

"I see you've already discovered the bar. It's stocked with the brands you prefer. If you need anything further —" he indicated bell-pulls in various positions. "You're bound to enjoy yourself, sir! We all do."

Morrison said, "Brother!" and decided he would begin the apparently unavoidable process of self-enjoyment by mixing himself a mild highball. He measured an ounce of scotch in a tall glass, added ice and soda, and walked out on his balcony where he sat down with a sigh of peace. His eyes moved interestedly yet restfully over the magical vista and soon he smiled at a slight but surprising thought. He had been worried about yet another thing, drinking.

Business along with his social life had caused him to drink numberless cocktails, highballs, and glasses of fine wine which he had not wanted or ever needed . . . and that fact had been buried under his greater anxieties.

Now, the just-discovered vanished with the rest. Nobody had forced him to drink a worrisome amount. Wherefore, if you didn't want to be concerned over drinking, all you did was mix lighter drinks — like this one — for yourself . . . and never let anybody make you feel obliged to drink more than you wished.

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He relished his very mild highball knowing he had not really enjoyed a drink for months till now.

. . . . .

Morrison teed up and looked off at the flag that lined up the green of the eighteenth hole. Before he swung he thought about his tendency to hook — overcompensation for an earlier slice. But overcompensation wasn't possible in this strange, yet familiar-seeming place! His club shaft whistled and the ball whistled forward and rose slightly upward, its flight ruler-straight.

"Nice shot!" his partner, Bill Whitmore, said.

Morrison grinned and stepped back. Whitmore casually settled into his stance and drove. He did slice, badly; but it left him undistressed. "At least, I didn't top it that time! I think I could learn this game."

"You will. Can." They walked. Whitmore spoke before they parted for second shots. "Doesn't seem we've been here almost a week."

"No."

The flier - philosopher slowed. "Bother you any?"

"None."

"Me, either. Curious. I was the most distressed guy in the world when we left Miami. Now—" he shrugged and eyed the older man.

Morrison had volunteered to give him a golf lesson. The teacher-pupil relationship had, perhaps, caused Whitmore to feel less reserved than was normal for him. He explained. "I was in love. And no hope of—success."

"Miss McClaen? Annabelle?"

Whitmore nodded. "You're observant."

The older man chuckled. "Observant? It's plainer than a kite on a clear day. And she's keen about you."

"But she wasn't keen enough." He offered Morrison a cigarette and took one, lighting both. They stopped walking, after a backward glance to make sure no one was being held up on the challenging but little-played course. "She was determined not to marry a poor man — meaning, by 'poor,' even the highest salary a pilot can earn. She wanted love and a bucket of diamonds."

"Till we landed here?" Morrison asked quietly.

"Yeah. Now that money doesn't matter — doesn't exist — isn't necessary — all she wants is — me. Even if we ever get back. And even on my wages, back . . . at home!"

"Lovely girl."

Whitmore smiled. "Understatement of all time."

"Looked too sensible to be — ah —"

"Money-crazed? She is too sensible. But she had to find that out. Quit worrying about being a wife who wouldn't have — everything. Not quite everything, anyhow."

"Just the opposite of the James pair, eh?"

WHITMORE stared—and guessed. "The honeymooners? That pretty brunette with the pale face and the kid with the curly hair and the damn-all chin? Haven't run across them since we—flew in here. They did look sort of frightened, now that I think back. And not about the plane trouble —"

Morrison nodded. "The girl — sweet little thing name of Eugenia — is the only daughter of Porter Margolies. Margolies chain stores. Forbidden by her dad even to see the young man she'd fallen in love with — the kid with her. Hank Taylor, a history instructor at Amherst. Eugenia has too much money. Hank's professor poor. Married her anyhow — ran away to Miami — and they were going back to face the music."

" 'Never darken my doorstep again'?" Whitmore quoted.

"Not that. Margolies, they told me the other day, was meeting them at Kennedy — with a million, as a wedding present to Hank."

"Is that hideous?" Whitmore asked.

"It was for those kids. Tore 'em apart. Hank wanted to tell his father-in-law to go to the devil with his dough. But he also wanted to have it, so he and his bride would live —"

"— in the manner she'd been accustomed to."

"Sure. The girl — well — what could she do? How would she feel? She loved her old man. Didn't realise his wedding present seemed like an insult, virtually, to Hank. As well as a titanic temptation. So they quarrelled in Miami and all the way up —"

Whitmore presumed that odd predicament would be viewed differently in this bizarre land of un-worry. So he merely waited, his expression intrigued and a little amused, although it seemed almost incredible to be estranged from the girl one loved by a million-dollar gift.

Morrison supplied the changed picture. "Day after they arrived, Eugenia realised she'd rather be Hank's wife and live on beans, than rich—but without Hank. He got the bright — and right — idea that he could take the money if he had to — and turn it over to his bride. Hank perceived, I mean, that Margolies couldn't buy him, even if he put up that sort of price. Hank could go on teaching history and working on his Ph.D. thesis with or without the fortune — and old man Margolies couldn't stop him if Hank refused to be deterred. See?"

The younger man grinned. "Sure. I guess I also 'saw the point' about us . . . when Annabelle did. It isn't having dough — or not — it isn't being rich or just modestly fixed — that matters. It's your attitude about dough — whether you have a pile — or just a fair income."

"M'm'm. Maybe we better play on. Foursome catching up. Funny. If I get on, in one, and two-putt, I'll break eighty for the first time in my life. Pro at the club always said I could — if I quit pressing."

"Hard to 'press' in these parts — about anything. Even — love — where you overtry the most."

"You can say that again!" Morrison chuckled at his use of the tired phrase — but it didn't embarrass him. And he made no effort to respond to Whitmore's next gesture — a brief, curiosity-filled glance speculating on what, evidently, had been Morrison's problem in the problem-prone principality of love.

. . . . .

Ten days. Morrison cast expertly. His Royal Coachman dropped delicately on the surface of a miniature cove overhung by willows, a baylet in the broad, quick brook, no more than two feet deep and about the same width, with a clearance of less than a foot between willow-drapery and water. A spectacular cast. Necessarily so in this stream.

He had already fished the Samisan River which was for "beginners" — and the Rio Fantasy, which was more difficult. This waterway, Occult Creek, had been fly-whipped by so many master anglers that, they said at the Castle, its best and biggest rainbows could name every man who tried it twice by the way his casts fell along the water.

An exaggeration, of course. But Morrison had seen incredibly large rainbows in its pools without getting anything more in an hour of skilled effort than an inspectoral rise.

His taunting fly now lay over as likely a trout den as he'd discovered: green, secluded, almost still, and of unknowable depth. The Coachman bobbed on a minute ripple and began to drift downstream. Morrison flicked the light rod in a special way and achieved a difficult effect: his fly left the water as if it had hopped and it flew in an upstream arc before lighting, delicately, again.

Only a living insect (presumably) could thus take off against the water-flow; a dead one would drift downstream. And only a bug with the Coachman's bright fascination that gave some particular evidence, however false, of viability could attract the ultra-wily trout in Occult Creek. So they had said.

As the fly completed its upstream leap the surface of the small cover burst as if a bowling ball had dropped on it. Morrison's line snapped taut and cut, sizzling, toward the stream centre. His reel spun as his careful thumb braked it — with a pressure smoothly augmented when his line-backing whirled in view. His rod was an arch that widened while the great trout sought the fastest part of the stream and narrowed but gained height as the fish hurtled, with the rush of current as an assist toward a snaggy pond — a haven that beavers had created. If the fish, by combining its strength with that of the current, reached the expanse of submerged stumps and upthrust branches the line would catch, break almost certainly, and that would end the battle.

It did not, for the fish never got quite that far.

When, laughing, Morrison had brought the netted marvel to shore and weighed it on his little scales (7 1/8 pounds of living jewellery), and when he had removed a wader to dump from it a quart of water collected without notice during the contest — when, finally, he sat down for a smoke, he discovered he'd been watched.

By a white-haired old man. With a faintly familiar face. Seen his picture somewhere, Morrison knew. An intellectual to judge by the Einsteinian brow and the look the old genius had—of eternal wonder, childish, yet indomitable. Morrison then realised he'd also seen the man in person more recently than he'd noticed that half-recollected photograph. Seen him on the plane, not among the regular population at Sanspeur. One of the worried ones then. (For Morrison had come to think of his co-passengers that way: the worried ones.)

THIS old man had spoken to him; tried in fact to discover by thinking aloud some logical explanation for a phenomenon which could not be elucidated by all the science, logic, reason and imagination so far possessed. Ludmeyer. The name rang a bell, but the tone was indecipherable. Morrison did recall, however, that Ludmeyer had mentioned (nervously) having just resigned from some position or other.

The old gentleman was smiling. "Congratulations!" he called, removing a pipe from his mouth to do so, bobbing his head in the shadowy echo of European custom and gently patting a patch of moss at his side — a cushion like the one he occupied. "Come, sit a moment! You're winded! A beautiful spectacle!"

"You fish?"

"No." The old man mused on that and smiled a little less. "Never had time as a boy to learn any game or sport. I'm Ludmeyer."

Morrison, on reaching the man's side (his trout still stiff-arched in the net in show-off, Morrison amusedly realised), took a firm hand, remembered the firmness, and then identified the elderly watcher.

Herman Ludmeyer had been one of the greatest authorities on metallurgy in the world; he'd aided in making the Bomb, ranking just under Fermi and equal with Warner. And for years he'd been chief chemist at Neo-Metals Corporation.

Morrison's heart leaped. Since Ludmeyer had left Neo-Metals, his foremost competitor — why —!

But the thought faded. He was no longer . . . anywhere. Not he. Not Ludmeyer. Not anywhere that made sense of an offer of a job.

Sitting down, stowing the trout in an outsize creel (which he'd taken along after an incredulous protest: what trout came that big?), and settling on the moss — those acts gave Morrison time for one further thought. Further shock.

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Continued from page 54

CASTLES IN THE AIR

He'd just referred to Ludmeyer, mentally, in the past — the . . . what was it? . . . past perfect. "Had been" and "had aided." Did that mean he — and all the rest — were . . . well, did it?

Surprised a little (but still unworried) he turned to the tranquil, still-smiling scientist. "Pleasant here. Nice woods." Morrison said.

"Very," A long pause, a pipe-burble, a smoke-ghost. "You are an expert. I could tell. I admire expertise of any sort. In a tumbler, a magician, a baseball star — as much as in a poet—or a painter. Painting! Now, there's a hobby I would have enjoyed all my life. And — only now — indulge!" He nodded toward the glade behind them.

Morrison turned and saw the old man's easel — and his palette on a rock. Dutifully, he rose to inspect the canvas — and remained to marvel. Ludmeyer had caught so perfectly the mystic greens and greys of the forest, its stillness, its phantasmagorial surreality, and the water in motion and alive that the painting seemed more actual than its jade-to-chartreuse subject: Trees, leaves, vines, distances glimpsed, and nearness sharp-seen, vein, stem.

"Good heavens!"

"It is surprising, yes? An old man's first attempt."

"What science gained — art lost — terribly!"

Ludmeyer chuckled. "You think so? Wrong. For there is not any difference. The art of painting pictures is analogous exactly to the art of metallurgy — my discipline, as I think you have discovered. They are to say it crudely, mere opposites. One synthesizes from what exists — the other breaks apart and analyses what exists. In truth, however, both represent human attempts to create a verbal—often, a mathematically verbal — image of a truth."

MORRISON said, "Perhaps. I'd want to reflect on that."

"So — reflect. Time enough!" He said that smiling still but differently, as if he owned all time and had made Morrison a gift of some hours, some thousands or millions of hours, maybe.

Morrison pondered, and eventually gave words to his long-unspoken but deepest thought. "Are we dead, Herman?"

The old man's smile vanished but his face remained serene. "I have also wondered. Perhaps, Jason. Perhaps. It is a thought to toy with."

"I feel so—un-dead!"

Ludmeyer laughed like a young boy — giggled, nearly. "Are you sure? We have little data on the sense of deadness experienced—by the deceased!" His eyes half-closed as if with listening. "Yet—I think not."

"I—"

The old man halted Morrison with an upraised hand. "Aside from the fact that, here, all that pleases us we do—and, unlike back there—" he gestured as if earth and life were behind them and perhaps beneath—"all we do pleases. But why, I ask myself. I believe the answer lies in one major oddity: here we do not—cannot—worry. It is as if some ingredient in the air drugs us so the mind's capacity for anxiety becomes dormant. Nil. Asleep. Anaesthetised. I can summon the subject of my recent small frenzies, yes. But not the frenzy."

"It's the same with me—!"

But Ludmeyer, like many a sage, once started, wished to complete his spoken reverie . . . and Morrison found himself willing to listen, even eager and not, as had been characteristic of him, annoyed at what would surely be a long and probably unproductive ramble. He sat back, hands in the moss, watching the creek flow.

Herman talked on. "The Age of Anxiety!" he said. "I was among the bomb makers. Those whom Oppie—Oppenheimer — said had 'known sin.' It was so. And how I have worried all the years after those two horrible events in Japan! And now," he added, "The Population Explosion! It has also tormented me. For I could see it leading to a titanic and eventual tragedy of mass death, starvation, war, every nightmare! and Communism. This, too, was for me a fearful fret."

Morrison had begun nodding his affirmation toward the end. "Sure. Those terrifying public problems underline everybody's private worries, day and night. Gigantic, insoluble, and certain dooms spread forth in man's pathway. I used to worry myself into sleepless nights; days followed when I could not concentrate on anything but worry — over such matters. Now—"

"Now?" Ludmeyer asked gently. "I cannot worry."

"Why?"

Why? Morrison asked himself. He had accepted this present peace, this armistice with anxiety — not asking whence it came — or, rather, believing it would be futile to inquire, and his answer was swift:

"Because all those public terrors —the fuel of twentieth-century anxiety — of our everlasting verge-of-panic state — were the results of human acts. Men made the bombs. Men reproduce in what currently is a reckless and self-destroying manner. A man invented the Communist dogmas, and men accept them—on faith. But that also leads to a next step. I mean, to the realisation that men, potentially,

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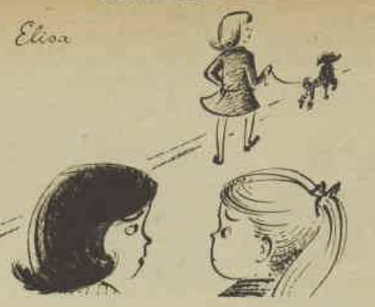
LULUBELLE



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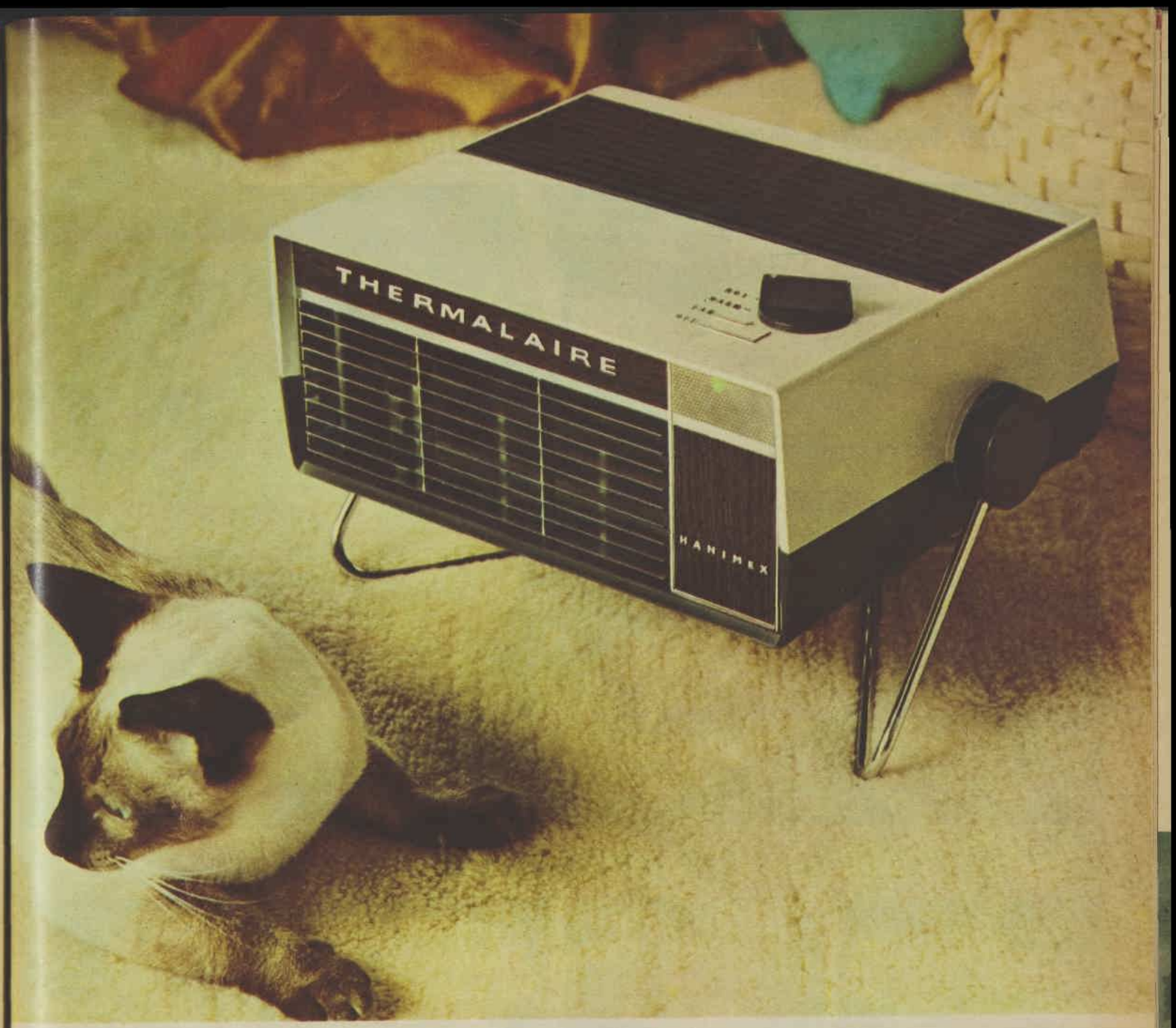

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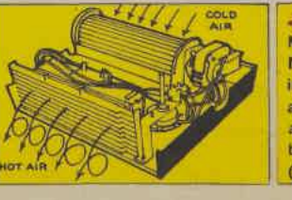

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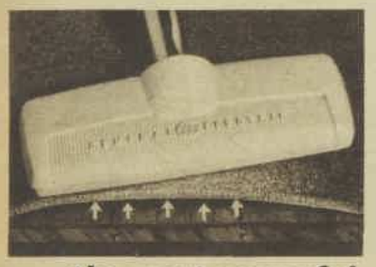

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Continued from page 55

CASTLES IN THE AIR

can resolve any dilemma resulting from their own actions. And that potential in man is all we need to perceive — to allay our panickiness."

Ludmeyer murmured, "Ah!" and after a moment added, "So!" and then nodded as if the subject was closed owing to its completion. Soon, however, he introduced a new one:

"The personal things, then? What of them?"

Morrison hesitated . . . not from incertitude but surprise. The personal worries! These, too, his unconscious mind had been weighing and considering so that the answers were now ready. But the old man took his hesitation for at least shadowy unease and tried to encourage Morrison by citing examples of experiences he had noted.

"Who has not benefited by this mere vanishing of the capacity to fear? To worry? There was — on our jet airplane — a Mrs. Homer Cantwell, a loud pigeon of a greedy thing who dominated a scared niece. Lucy — the name of that niece. But here? It's now clear that Mrs. Cantwell feared old age would soon render her a fat, huge, and helpless arthritic — as was her mother before her. So she had virtually enslaved Lucy — an orphan bred in rag-poverty — with promises of inheritance, but in order to assure herself of a body servant if her dreads materialised and she became like her mother. What did the withdrawal of anxiety do?"

"Hadn't noticed," Morrison murmured, only half-aware, for his thoughts were now shimmingly (if intermittently) disclosing new aspects of his own circumstances.

"I will tell you. The old dowager diets — the fear of being flesh-bound therefore departs. The arthritic pains — in her case, psychosomatic and self-induced, so to speak — poof! Gone! And Lucy? She is free. She is beautiful. Already she is in love with that flight engineer — a youth who was always afraid of women till this woman, who formerly feared everything — and men above everything else — came into his life. His life? I must be explicit. His arms. You should see them one night dancing —"

"It occurs to me," Morrison interrupted with what seemed a total non sequitur, "that Hollis Landrum — he's probably the most influential legislator in Tallahassee—had — or has — a brother-in-law — named Tully. So it is possible Angelica's seemingly overt interest in that Tully—well, that she was trying to help me."

Ludmeyer cut in, his voice concerned but his brown eyes sparkling. "You refer to some private dilemma? You have been jealous of your wife, perhaps?"

Morrison nodded and spoke again — this time on yet another tangent. "Milligan has always been more interested in the isolation — in quantity, mind you — of rare gases — than in our metal-refining processes. It is his lack of interest in what was to become our business mainstay that worried me. If I could transfer him to a newly set-up division — let him play to his heart's content with krypton, xenon, argon — all the rest — and get a man with sufficient savvy to step into Milligan's shoes — take over the refineries—"

A light burst in his eyes and his voice lost its ruminative quality. "You, Herman! You said you'd quit Neo-Metals. You were worried about that!"

The old man's smile was warm but his eyes were on faraway things — sad, real, human things. "Yes. It had worried me. You see, I support the families of my three sons. All lost in the Korean War. Odd, that. Others lost three. Even four. But one special worry I have had. Now — it has seemed to me — here, I mean, that — even at sixty-six and past retirement age — I may still be employable." He coughed and added softly. "I take it you are suggesting—?"

Without emotion, Morrison described the near impasse of his family-owned corporation. At first, he drew an unhappy picture that was negative. It contained — dispassionately stated — the difficulties of the situation: his lack of capital; his probably disastrous investments in Florida; the refusal of banks known to him to put up money for probably essential automation; the dwindling away of government contracts; all that and more.

When he had entirely finished, the old scientist began to discuss possible processes that Morrison Refineries might install, or design, invent, or work out—which NeoMetals had rejected — techniques berthed in the old man's brilliant mind.

PRESENTLY, Ludmeyer was looking for more bare patches of sand so that he and Morrison could sketch out, in a rudimentary way, the equipment, novel gadgets, theoretically possible devices that, though currently nonexistent, would (if their ever-swifter and ever-more-excited talk was still reasonable) pour forth titanium, germanium, nobilium, rubidium, and the new, stable herzium—in quantity and at hitherto unprecedented low production costs.

It became evident that Ludmeyer's genius was as effective in the field of production (where he had been denied all opportunity to function at NeoMetals) as in the area of theory. (How many great theoreticians, Morrison wondered, have been locked up at desks by businessmen who did not even guess their practical potential on plant floors? Hundreds. Thousands.)

In the midst of such exhilarating talk and sketching, faraway trumpets blew.

Their ardor immediately ebbed, all save the faintest glow of a memory. Still, their general mood remained buoyant — they were in Sanspeur — and it was dinner time at the castles.

Such confidences about private apprehensions in their former or "other" world were becoming customary, Morrison reflected, as he was driven to his castle and, later, as he bathed and changed. Thinking about that objectively — which he could, as could all the others — he appreciated another truth: the very willingness and ability to confide one's innermost anxieties (in a manner stripped of all nervous compulsion and, indeed, entirely free of any emotion) often led to solutions of the dilemmas from which one's panic had risen.

Not only that, but the fearless sharing of inward dismay more often led the sharer than his listener to a discovery of such solutions. It was a rare thing, here at Sanspeur, when the listener to some repressed account of chronic alarm even needed to contribute a tentative way out of dilemma. The very act of talking seemed to do the trick. As, for example, the stimulating and incredibly resourceful assistance Herman Ludmeyer had just given to Morrison's corporate problems.

Still, Morrison had taken the initiative. In keeping with the effect of Sanspeur, he had ceased to worry about anything, his wife, son, inherited and beloved family business,

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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This attractive frock is available cut out to make in tangerine, green, and pink pure-wool frocking. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £3/15/-; 36 and 38in. bust £3/17/6. Postage and dispatch 4/-.

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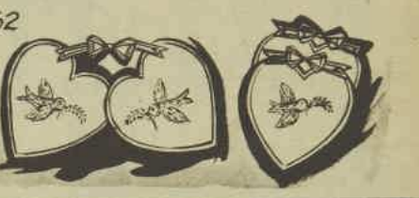

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

along with all else. So the white-haired old genius had not helped to resolve anxiety but, rather, to outline, on Morrison's suggestion, some possibilities for saving the refineries . . . possibilities that Morrison now saw he might well have seen in broad outline.

Obviously since Ludmeyer was the most qualified man in the field and now available, he might have retained him to develop new processes, if he had approached his company's crises without stress, without fear, without near despair. And if he had not been able to get Ludmeyer, he realised that any top-notch specialist might have worked out enough new programs and a sufficient reorganisation concept to have given the company's prospects a far brighter look.

Only, Morrison reflected as he descended in the castle elevator, he had been carrying the load alone. Flying north with negative ideas only, to put before his board. Not, really, ideas at all: fears, just fears. The magnitude of his anxiety had given him such a personal sense of responsibility that it had not even occurred to him to seek outside, specialised advice. Thinking that, he chuckled—as the elevator door opened and he encountered a pair of men en route to the Great Hall.

One of these, a plane-mate Morrison realised, smilingly murmured, "Good evening, sir! Something amusing?"

Morrison fell in step — aware without any surprise, this his questioner was the overweight and alcoholic salesman who'd sat opposite him — and that the salesman's companion was a negro. He shared his source of laughter. "Well — maybe. I was thinking, coming down, that I had discovered what I just decided to call Morrison's Second Law."

"Which is what? If I'm not out of line to ask?" The fat man (he seemed slimmer, now) had a Southern accent.

"Not a bit! Morrison's Second Law is: the ability to think constructively occurs in the inverse square of one's anxiety about the subject."

Both men laughed. And the negro — tall, commanding, handsome, said with mirth in his words, "Isn't it the inverse cube?"

"All right. Cube."

The salesman performed amenities. "I know you're L. Jason Morrison. My name's Tately. Bunner Tately. I'm in auto parts. My friend, here, is Leo Standship. Happens to be the present mayor of Sanspeur."

Hands shook all around. "Maybe you'll join us? Like to have your company."

Morrison, pleased and curious, assented.

The mayor put a question. "Since you've told us your second theorem, what is Morrison's First Law?"

"So far there isn't any. A trick I learned from a book by a chap named Krutch. Always start your laws with the second. That way you'll keep the top spot for a final, transcendent law . . . if you ever hit on one. Which no man at this early date in human evolution can sensibly expect to do. Krutch didn't say that. But I took that to be his reasoning."

They reached the crimson-carpeted staircase that led down to the Great Hall, where already some fifty or more of the castle's guests were dining. Sueno, the headwaiter, led them to a table for three that overlooked a part of the moat which had been widened and was illuminated to reveal a glory of night-blooming, tropical waterlilies.

Drinks were ordered.

And very shortly — as Morrison had bet with himself — Tately explained the special horror that had possessed him as he'd flown north — drinking too much to try to brace up his courage.

"I'm a Southern boy, born and bred. As anybody who hears me talk knows straight off. My company has just over sixty salesmen, and the work's so specialised I doubt I could ever get — if I quit —another job half as good. Got me a wife an' five of the finest children you ever saw. When I left Miami I'd just been promoted to assistant manager of the firm's biggest district. New England. Thing was, the manager of that district is — is colored. And how could a Biloxi, Mississippi, boy have a negro boss? I'd have suicided if my insurance had been big enough. And paid up," he added, with a candor that left his own eyes surprised.

Morrison said, "I see." He had a feeling, not acute or as yet embarrassed, leading to the thought that he might be facing his first sticky situation since his arrival. But the tall negro began speaking and Morrison realised his moment of uncertainty had been unworthy of him — or of Sanspeur.

"I understand what he means," he said. "I was landed up here over three years ago. I'm a graduate of Harvard Law School. I'd specialised in corporation law, as it relates to state and municipal government. But I wasn't able to find a firm I felt would let me do my best work. I could see myself growing old, slaving—" he paused and his luminous eyes gleamed with an inward awareness of his last word, Morrison thought, "—slaving away on the actual brainwork of some white firm and getting no credit. No partnership, ever. I had, to put it briefly, an inferiority complex as big as — as I am, myself."

Morrison was fascinated. "Being mayor of this town —"

"—of all the towns in the area," Mr. Tately said swiftly.

"—must be good for any man with an inferiority complex."

The dark man nodded. "As you know, the anxiety disappeared on my arrival. Inferiority feelings are simply fears. And fear is impossible here. When I decided to stay — and ran for mayor — I knew I'd win. My opponent was running simply because somebody had to. In fact, he withdrew before the vote was counted."

An odd phrase in the man's pleasant account of himself had caught Morrison's attention. "You say you 'decided to stay'?"

"Well, for a few years. Being a negro makes a man somewhat self-indulgent when he finds a prestigious spot in a society. I want to get the full benefit of experiencing fearlessness before I face again my real-world circumstances. Still, I may leave the mayor's office and go back before the five-year term ends."

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NEW HATS AND

Navy with red

The smart handbag shown in color above is knitted in alternate bands of raffia and wool. Both yarns are used double for extra firmness of finish. The handle is detachable and can be used with several different bases.

Materials: 3 balls Patons Nylette Crepe Yarn (main color); 2 spools Jolly Raffia (contrast color); 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 8; 1 bag mount; lining.

Using No. 8 needles and Nylette Crepe double, cast on 120 sts. Work 5 rows stocking stitch.

* Change to doubled raffia and work 11 rows st-st., beg. with a knit row. (Raffia stripes are in reversed st-st.)

Change to doubled wool and work 11 rows st-st., beg. with a knit row *.

Repeat from * to * 6 times, ending last repeat with 5 rows instead of 11 rows. Cast off.

Using doubled Nylette Crepe, work 1 row treble crochet on striped edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side. Fold work in half. With back-stitch, seam. Join side edges to within 2¼in. of top. Thread bars of mount through treble crochet at top of bag. Line as desired.

Scarlet handbag

Texture interest in this brilliant bag is gained by knitting together one strand of wool and one strand of raffia. The pattern stitch is in rib with a cable twist.

Materials: 3 balls Patons 4-ply Patonyle Knitting Yarn; 1 spool Jolly Raffia; 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; Milwards Phantom Crochet Hook No. 9; 1 bag mount; lining.

Using 1 strand wool and 1 strand raffia tog. throughout, with No. 9 needles cast on 88 sts.

1st Row: K 8, * p 2, k 4, p 2, k 8. Repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: P 8, * k 2, p 4, k 2, p 8. Rep. from * to end.

Repeat 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 8, * p 2, cable 4 by leaving 2 sts. on spare needle at back of work, k 2, then k 2 from spare needle, p 2, k 8. Repeat from * to end.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

Repeat these 6 rows until work measures 22in., ending with a 3rd pattern row. Cast off in pattern.

Work 1 row of treble crochet at cast-off and cast-on edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Fold bag in half, right sides together. With back-stitch, seam edges to within 2¼in. of top. Turn right side out. Thread bars of mount through trebles. Line as desired.

CROCHETED CO-ORDINATES

Beaded tam

Materials: One spool Jolly Raffia; 2 balls Patons 4-ply Patonyle; 14 doz. jug beads; 1 No. 9 crochet hook.

Measurements: Width round head, 24in. (Adjust head-size by using a smaller or larger crochet hook as required.)

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h. tr., half treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; st(s)., stitch(es); inc., increase by working twice into next st.; dec., decrease by working next 2 sts. together.

Note: Use 1 strand raffia and 1 strand wool tog. throughout, working half trebles into back of previous stitches.

Thread 36 beads. Make 4 ch.; join into ring with sl-st.

1st Round: 2 h. tr. in each of 1st 3 ch., 3 h. tr. in 4th ch.

2nd Round: 2 h. tr. in each h. tr. of previous round (18 sts.).

3rd Round: As 2nd round (36 sts.). 1 sl-st., turn.

4th Round: (1 ch., take in 1 bead, 1 ch., miss 2 h. tr. of previous round, 1 d.c. in next h. tr.) to end.

5th Round: (1 ch., take in 1 bead, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in space after bead in previous round) to end.

6th Round: As 5th round. 1 sl-st., turn.

7th Round: (1 h. tr. before and 1 h. tr. after each bead, 2 h. tr. in d.c. of previous round) to end (48 sts.).

8th Round: (1 h. tr., 1 inc.) to end (72 sts.).

9th Round: (4 h. tr., 1 inc.) ending with 2 h. tr. (86 sts.).

10th Round: (5 h. tr., 1 inc.) ending with 2 h. tr. (100 sts.).

11th Round: (10 h. tr., 1 inc.) ending with 1 h. tr. (109 sts.).

12th Round: H. tr.

13th Round: (9 h. tr., 1 inc.) ending with 9 h. tr. (119 sts.).

14th Round: As 12th.

15th Round: (8 h. tr., 1 inc.) to end (132 sts.).

16th and 17th Rounds: As 12th, ending 17th, 1 sl-st., turn. Break yarn.

Thread 132 beads. **Next Round:** As 4th.

Next Round: As 5th.

Next Round: As 5th.

Next Round: 1 h. tr. before and 1 h. tr. after each bead, 1 h. tr. in d.c. of previous round (132 sts.).

Work 3 rounds straight, then work 10 h. tr. rounds dec. 3 sts. on each staggering inc. sts. (102 sts.).

Next Round: (9 h. tr., 1 dec.) to end (92 sts.). Join with sl-st. and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Turn last 3 rounds under for hem and stitch into place. Steam and pull gently to shape.

Bag to match

Materials: One spool Jolly Raffia; 3 balls Patons 4-ply Patonyle; 14 doz. jug beads; 1 No. 9 crochet hook; 1 pair bag handles.

Note: Use 1 strand raffia and 1 strand wool tog. throughout.

Work 59 ch. **Next Row:** 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn. (57 tr.)

Turn each foll. row with one ch.

Next Row: (1 h. tr., 1 d.c.) to end.

Next Row: (1 d.c. over previous h. tr., 1 h. tr. into base of previous d.c.) to end.

Rep. last row 14 times.

Break yarn. Thread 84 beads. Cont. as before, working 1 bead with d.c. sts. only on next 3 alternate rows. Work 20 more pattern rows without beads. Fasten off.

Work another piece the same.

TO MAKE UP

Lay the 2 pieces tog. right sides facing. Join with d.c. across base and up each side to within 2¼in. of top. With side and base seams facing, stitch across corner, 1in. in from point. Rep. on other side corner. Turn right side out. Thread handle through top slots.

How to line your bag

To give a hand-made bag a really professional finish it is always desirable to line it, particularly if yours is the kind of handbag that accumulates a bottom layer of assorted bobby-pins, bus tickets, pennies, and lipsticks, which could ultimately change its shape.

Choose a lining fabric that is closely woven, such as taffeta or lining satin.

Cut the lining pieces the same size as bag pieces. Seam round three sides to within 2¼in. of top. Turn under and baste raw edges of side openings. Insert lining into bag with wrong side of lining facing wrong side of bag. Turn lining to wrong side along top edges and slip-stitch to bag. Slip-stitch lining to bag along open side edges.

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HANDBAGS

● ***Handknitted and crocheted accessories designed for women who like to match hats and handbags to all their winter outfits. Directions are complete on this page.***

Tri-color hat to crochet

Materials: 2 balls each of 3 contrast colors of Patons Patonyle 4-ply Knitting Yarn or Patons Bri-Nylon 4-ply; a No. 6 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit an average head.

Tension: 7 d.c. to 2in. in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; dec., decrease; in. inches.

Note: Three strands yarn (one of each color) to be used together throughout.

BRIM

Make 63 ch. Join into ring with sl-st.

2nd Round: 1 d.c. in each ch. to end of round.

3rd Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end of round.

Rep. 3rd round until work measures 5in. Fasten off.

CROWN

Make 4 ch. Join into ring with sl-st. Seven d.c. into ring.

Cont. in rounds thus, marking start of each new round with a colored thread:

1st Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c. to end of round.

2nd Round: * 2 d.c. in next d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end of round.

3rd Round: * 2 d.c. in next d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., rep. from * to end of round.

4th Round: * 2 d.c. in next d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., rep. from * to end of round.

Cont. in this manner, working 1 more d.c. between increases in every round until last round has been worked thus: * 2 d.c. in next d.c., 1 d.c. in each of next 10 d.c., rep. from * to end of round. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Using 6 strands of yarn tog. (2 strands of each color), weave round brim as illustrated by working over 4 d.c. and under 5th d.c. In next row work alternately. Line pieces with stiffened lining if desired. Sew crown to brim.

RED HAT IN SPIRAL RIB

Cute hat shown in color above is quick and easy to knit. Inexpensive, too, it takes only three balls wool and one spool of raffia.

Materials: One spool Jolly Raffia; 3 balls Patons 4-ply Patonyle; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; 1 No. 8 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit an average head.

Note: Both raffia and wool are used double throughout.

PATTERN STITCH

Using raffia— **1st Row:** K 2 tog., k to end of row.

2nd Row: Inc. 1 in 1st st., p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows twice. (Raffia stripes are in reverse st-st.) Break off raffia, join in wool.

7th Row: As 1st row.

8th Row: Inc. 1 in 1st st., k to end.

9th Row: P 2 tog., p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows once, then 8th row once more.

These 12 rows form pattern.

Using raffia, cast on 82 sts. Work in patt. until 13 patts. completed. Cast off.

To Shape Top: Using raffia, with right side facing, pick up 70 sts. along decrease edge. Cont. thus:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: (K 2, k 2 tog.) to end.

5th Row: (K 1, k 2 tog.) to end.

7th Row: (K 2 tog.) to end.

Break yarn, leaving 12in. ends. Draw ends through rem. sts., pull up tightly and fasten off.

Join back seam edges with double crochet. Work 1 d.c. row round lower edge; roll under twice to make ¾in. hem; sl.-st. down. Steam hat gently.

Little boy cap and matching scarf

Materials: Three 2oz. balls each royal blue and white Sirdar Pullman wool; 1 pair each Nos. 3 and 5 needles; No. 7 crochet hook; small piece stiffened interlining.

Tension: After light pressing, approx. 8 sts. to 2¼in. on No. 3 needles.

Measurements: Scarf — Width, approx. 9in.; length, minus fringe, 46in.; Cap — To fit average head.

Abbreviations: B blue; W, white.

SCARF

Using B and No. 3 needles, cast on 33 sts.

1st Row: * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: As 1st.

3rd Row: * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: As 3rd.

These 4 rows form patt. Break B, join in W and work the 4 rows once more.

Cont. working 4 rows B wool and 4 rows W wool alternately until 30th B stripe worked. Cast off in patt. Press lightly.

Fringe: Cut 2 strands W, each 8in. long. Fold in half; with crochet hook draw looped ends through 1st cast on st., pull cut ends through loops; draw up tightly. Make 16 more "fringes" along edge, with 1 st. between each. Finish opposite end to match; trim ends evenly.

CAP

Main Section

Using B and No. 4 needles, cast on 21 sts. Work 4 patt. rows as for scarf once. Then work 4 rows in W and 1st and 2nd rows again in B. Keeping continuity of stripes, dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 3 sts. remain. Work 1 row, then break wool. Run end through remaining sts. and fasten off.

Work 3 more sections in same way. Pin out and press with warm iron over damp cloth. Join the four sections tog. on curved edges, taking ¼in. seam turnings and machining or back-stitching seams.

Front Peak

Top Section: Using W and No. 4 needles, cast on 29 sts. Work 1st and 2nd patt. rows. Keeping continuity of stripes, dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. row until 9 sts. remain; cast off.

Under Section: With W and No. 4 needles, cast on 29 sts. Working in st-st. and using W throughout, dec. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every foll. row until 9 sts. remain; cast off.

Pin out and press each section. Cut shape from stiffened interlining. Place two knitted pieces tog., right sides facing, on top of interlining and stitch all curved edges tog., taking turnings as before. Turn right side out and press. Place centre of striped peak to centre of one knitted section of cap, right sides facing, and join tog. Catch inner edge of st-st. section over seamline on wrong side. Press peak. Finish top with tassel of W wool.

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Continued from page 61

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Morrison said, "I see." He didn't.

Bunner Tately burst into the conversation. "You see, when I heard a negro ran the area I went straight to city hall to meet him. We sat down together and talked about race and integration all one afternoon. I came out feeling very proud of my country and its efforts to end inequality. Funny. Before, the whole thing had me scared to death. The idea of having a colored boss put me in a fit. But now—" his light blue eyes rested thoughtfully on Standship — "I realise that if an American gets over his dread and misery and all the superstitions that gave him his worries and prejudice, then he will see that, even though both sides often fumble the ball, riot and get mad — ours is the proudest, bravest effort any nation ever made to become—noble."

"Amen," Standship smiled.

After dinner Morrison strolled out on the terrace for a better look at the radiant waterlilies and to listen to a string quartet playing Bach and Brahms in the adjacent Music Salon. Tately and Standship had departed to see their first "made-in-Sanspeur" movie, a much-praised film called —*The Man Who Devoured Himself*—a story of a man whose fears grew bigger than he, and, figuratively, engulfed him without any awareness on his part that anyone can be devoured by one's own self — if it is a fearing self.

Morrison noticed a young man poring over a book in a quiet corner of the terrace where a floodlight gave him illumination. Idly, Morrison walked over to the youth, and since his approach went unnoticed, he leaned to see what tome could so totally engross a teenager.

It was *Trigonometry*, by a Dr. Tolley.

Only then did Morrison recognise the enthralled youth as the hysterical Alwyn, who'd been en route to summer school, and who'd held his life so precious that the predicament of the airplane, together with his detestation of summertime study, had blown his top.

Alwyn's calmer flight companion was nowhere to be seen on the terrace. But it was evident to Morrison as he tiptoed away that the removal of anxiety had produced beneficial effects for Alwyn, too — such as causing a seemingly spoiled adolescent to tackle the very subject he had — for sure! — flunked and hated to try to make up in summertime: trig.

From a decent distance Morrison looked back and for an unearthly moment he could see the man Alwyn potentially could be — indeed would be, now that he'd grappled with his emotions — his worries — himself. If he got back to battle it out.

His thoughts about Alwyn appeared as a sort of comparison. He remembered the reddish-haired (and determined) seventeen-year-old he had been — who'd found no difficulty with trig, but came close to a cropper in conversational French, the pronunciation of which still eluded him. He remembered how terribly he'd feared that a failure in French would ruin his chances of entering M.I.T. Then he thought of his son who'd flunked out of that braincracking school and impulsively joined the Marines.

For the first time he saw something less than tragic in that. The discipline of the Marines was exactly what Dick needed to go through the great technical institution later. Dick had been as spoiled as Alwyn — though differently. No coward, Dick had perfected an opposite flaw: he regarded the world as his oyster, through assured inheritance, not owing to his own effort. The Marines violently would change that soft delusion. Teach him that he had a life to make.

With a last, compassionate glance at Alwyn Morrison went into the castle. It was still early. But he was eager to get into pyjamas and bed to go on reading *The Brothers Karamazov*. He'd read it once when it had been compulsory in his junior English class. Now, he realised, he hadn't actually read the book at all. That compulsory angle took the potential reader excitement from all reading. Too bad the teachers and professors hadn't found that out!

As the elevator carried him up through the modernistic interior of a building with an exterior hundreds of years old, Morrison found he was trying to define worry in some fashion that would make his understanding of it permanent and, so, perhaps his ability to recognise it and reject it, enduring.

His brain offered, "Worry is negative anticipation." Not too bad. Still — why should any anticipation have to be negative since, by definition, no one could know certainly what outcome any future event would have? He tried again. "To worry is to plan to become cowardly."

Why should the mind waste its energy, its keenness, its very capacity to act as a mind, over worries, cosmic or private — when most of what men worried about didn't happen — and when, if what concerned them did occur, it might have been prevented had they tried to solve the worrisome problem calmly and objectively instead of wasting that ability on fear, and imaginary fear at that.

WORRY, he grinned, was a leak in the faucet of human potential. A forest fire that could be extinguished by any non-worried person who valued forests: lumbermen, say. But what an insult to forests (and to potential board feet of usable wood) to face such conflagration with anxiety, not effort, with fear and even panic, not creative thought and subsequent action. What fools we mortals —! But Morrison dropped the thought. He'd given enough thought to worry — and conquered it. The hell with it!

Toward the end of his third week, Morrison carried out an impulse that had been growing in him for many days. Instead of selecting a sport, pastime, game, enjoyed task, or any creative action for the day, he chose to request a car without a driver.

After lunch, under what was apparently an ever-shining sun (tempered, it seemed, when one grew too warm and felt the imminence of resentment, by passing cloud-shade and accompanying cool breezes), he drove toward the airport. He was not sharply aware that the flying field was his destination until, hindered by no guard or official, he located and drove up to the great jet which had so inexplicably carried its human cargo to this — what? Elysian Field? Paradise? This old - new country of non-fear, Sanspeur.

He was not surprised (somehow) to see men in greasy coveralls descend from the cockpit: Beatty and the quiet, intellectual Whitmore. Nor were they noticeably astonished to recognise Morrison.

He stopped the car at a sensible distance from the plane — one remembered fire hazards — and walked toward the pair. They were grinning, for no reason Morrison could see.

Beatty called cheerily, "Hi, Mr. Morrison! How's everything?"

"Perfect! What are you guys doing, though?"

The smiles stayed. But Beatty's voice was slightly apologetic. "Checking her over. Fueling up. You see—" he flushed slightly—"I'm nuts about kids. Got three. Youngest, though — only four months — was born with a defect. Harelip. I couldn't face it! My kid imperfect! Nix! But there it was! I couldn't eat. Couldn't sleep. Started blaming my wife — and hating her — for a mere accident. Up here in this screwy province I got to realising that surgery, patience, and love could put the baby in shape. I mean—if I faced it — things could end okay. See?"

Morrison did, and with a startled but not unpleasant feeling, he murmured, "So you're going back, eh?"

Whitmore answered as Beatty nodded and turned away to work on the ship. "Me, too. With Annabelle. Married to Annabelle. Her big dream of a husband in the chips — a millionaire — has been busted. My expectation — I had to admit I also enjoyed my own little fantasy of married life — is bust, too. I mean, I thought I'd marry someone so serene and 'accepting' and so loving toward me that marriage would be one long road of bliss. Now — it'll be a battle! But I yearn to start the contest and I know I'm going to win. And lose, too. If you see what I mean."

"Sure. You'll keep that red-headed dreambomb's love. But you'll often lose your tranquillity to keep it."

"Yeah. Don't you ever — up here — feel a man was made to struggle? Compete? Fight? . . . for something he values? . . . and against whatever he loathes? Only the secret I've learned here is that the only way to fight well is without worry or fear."

Morrison stood motionless while Whitmore sorted through a cartful of tools, picked out a peculiarly shaped wrench, and turned toward the steps leading into the plane.

"Taking anybody with you?" The older man asked that — and wondered if it was his voice that had spoken.

"Anybody who wants to return. Sure. If they're really ready for the trip back."

"I've got — a bucketful of — fights, back home," Morrison began swiftly. "A company to rebuild — but an old magician with white hair to help me, I think. A wife. Young. Beautiful. Who maybe fell for a man nearer her age and handsome as a movie actor—or, maybe, cultivated the guy just to save half my fortune. But if it's the former —I've got to beat the guy to keep the lady — and to do that, whip my own jealousy first. I was running from it all. Funny, though. I want to get back and start being me. The real guy. A scrapper — win, lose, or draw. A fighter without fear."

Whitmore had listened and now, Morrison saw, Beatty had reappeared. He leaned, grinning, from the oval portal of the plane. "Sounds like you've bought yourself the return ticket," he said. "About noon, tomorrow. Okay?"

"Be here," Morrison answered quietly. And walked away. He knew, then, how passionately he would sometimes miss Sanspeur. (Unless he lost all recollection of it.) He felt a tiny alarm — his first since arriving at Sanspeur. He turned, called.

"Hey! How do you know you can fly her back?"

The co-pilot laughed. "Good question! We don't know. All we can do is try!"

"I'll be here," Morrison responded — and slowly moved away toward his car.

. . . . . .

Inter-Continental's Flight Eleven - oh - Five, Miami-to-New York, flew itself over high peaks, its screaming thunder starting small snow-slides below. The controls were locked and nothing either Beatty or Whitmore could do had any effect. Soon, however, as Beatty found (he had kept trying) it answered his hands as smoothly as it had, until . . . What? When?

He couldn't remember. There had been some sort of crisis, he felt, but it must have been trivial since its nature now escaped him. He glanced at the instrument panel. A blinking light showed they were passing over the Norfolk check-point — on course and, the chronometer showed, on time.

His communications officer called out the information that they were showing on the big scope at Friendship and could enter a pattern off Sandy Hook that would bring them down at Kennedy precisely on schedule in the early morning.

IN the first-class compartment Morrison glanced about with a kind of surprise he failed to understand. The outdoor nightfall of stars had briefly beguiled him. But he again looked over his companions on the ship, and as he did so the red-headed stewardess passed.

"Miss McClaen!" She didn't hear. More loudly he called, "Annabelle!" Then wondered how he knew her name. (But all the crew names were posted on the bulkhead, forward.) Still, who'd indicated that she, not either of the other two, was "Annabelle McClaen?" He decided it was just a shrewd guess: she had a Scottish look that fitted that name.

She stopped — seeming somehow far more radiant (and yet more poised, too) than he'd previously noticed. "Yes? Something I can do?"

"Is everybody — aboard?"

She frowned slightly. "I don't understand—"

"Nobody got off, I mean?" he wondered why he was asking. Fool question.

But she smiled. "Not unless they parachuted. This flight is nonstop."

"Sure. Of course. Silly of me."

He settled back. Pondered . . .

Had Angelica actually been flirting with that Tully person? No. Friendly — but not fluttery. Still —

And what would he do about Morrison Rare Metal Refineries?

The worries that had almost crushed him began to re-emerge: mice, that could grow into dragons. He shut his sculptured jaw and stared out the window. Far away he saw a bank of violet clouds, odd-shaped, white-tipped. They looked like mountains. And he noticed that he found himself considering a new-born idea that was infinitely heartening.

Why worry? Why burn up, wastefully, the fuel that might, should — damn it! could! — lead him to face all his troubles and solve them for good.

He relaxed. Remembered that the white-haired old Dr. Ludmeyer was on board — and was worried because he'd just resigned from Neo-Metals. The old gent was a genius at just such processes as Morrison needed to introduce in his refineries. So . . . maybe he could get the charming old bird to come over to his own company to help with the problems. Or would that tactic be crude, offending, rejected instantly?

Morrison had a deep feeling he could succeed and that Ludmeyer would start his company on a new era. He had just time for a short effort at persuasion. Then — Kennedy.

He'd phone Angelica from there — and he almost knew, now, that she'd persuaded Tully the route of the throughway should not be altered. The idea that his clever wife had been flirting seemed beneath him. After phoning her he'd wire Dick: Congratulations. Just that.

Smiling, he gave a last glance at the clouds-like-a-mountain range and started toward Ludmeyer's seat. Hopeful welcome was rising in the brilliant, aged eyes, and Morrison held out his hand.

Everybody, Morrison thought as he looked about and moved down the aisle, is aboard, after all! They seemed purposeful — and, consequently, happy.

But, he asked himself, why shouldn't everybody be aboard?

Was he losing his mind?

He thought not.

Firmly he determined not to worry about so ridiculous a danger as going bats.

Worry, he reflected, is poison. It's probably what made the apple bad — that Eve handed Adam. If so, it was time for modern man to find the antidote. What could that be? Courage. He was sure that was it and, confidently, he slid in beside Dr. Ludmeyer.

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"I've told you, and told you. Don't inhale!"

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DROVING with aboriginal stockmen along the gorge at Ross River (above), 60 miles east of Alice Springs, is the son of a visitor to the tourist resort, Love's Creek Homestead.

BULLOCK TEAM gives a ride to visitors in the valley of the Towamba River, southern N.S.W. The team, only recently used for farm work and hauling logs from the nearby mountains, has now been semi-retired to the tableland near Bombala above the valley, and does less work.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

Picture above by Douglass Baglin, Sydney. Below, by Raymond Ferris, Cooma North, N.S.W.

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£2.15? *(wrong again)*

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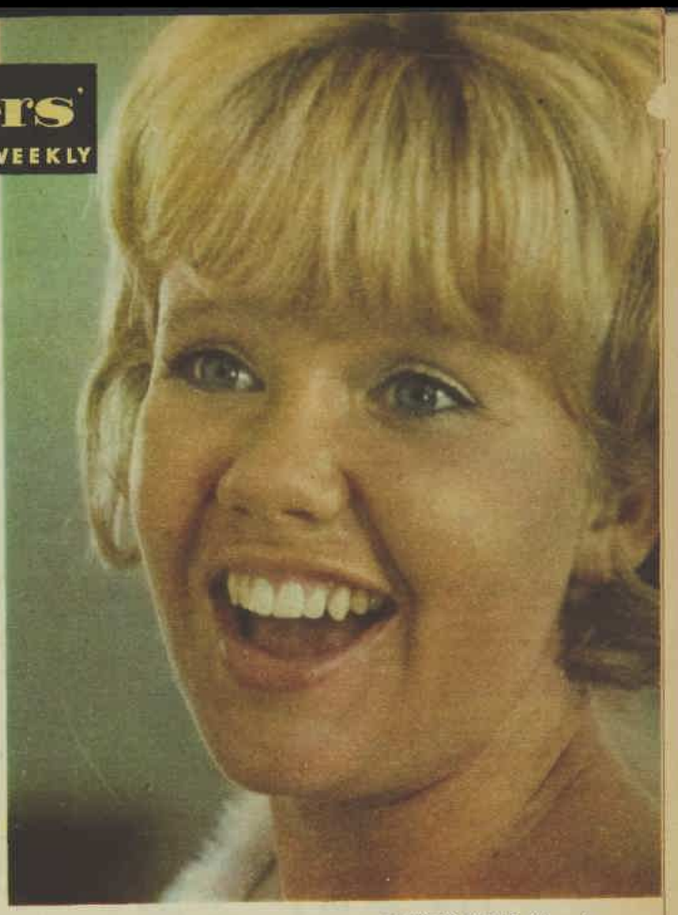
IN THE FILM James MacArthur leaves a luxury cruise to join Hayley and her father on their fishing boat. He becomes involved in a fight between rival boats searching for a lost treasure — and falls in love with Hayley.



Romance and adventure in Hayley's new film

HAYLEY MILLS (above), a sought-after teenage actress, plays a wild and carefree tomboy who finds it difficult to grow up.

● **Hayley Mills has become one of the world's most popular young actresses. These pictures show some scenes from her latest film, *The Truth About Spring*, in which she stars with James MacArthur and her father, John Mills.**

BELOW: When there is a fight between her father and a rival crew over a treasure map, Hayley is there in the thick of it.

LEFT: James MacArthur, who plays the wealthy young law student who falls in love with Hayley. BELOW: James with Hayley and John Mills, her father in real life as well as the film. A Universal-International release, the film premiered in Adelaide and is scheduled for release in other States in June or July.

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Letters

Hobart is a teen town

I LIVE in Hobart, and I think it is a terrific place for teenagers. There is always something to do around the town, winter or summer.

In winter we can go to the skating rink, footie, or pictures. At all these places we are able to meet people and really enjoy ourselves. One can also go bowling or "milkshaking" at a milk bar.

In summer most of us go to the beach or sailing. Sailing is a great sport in Hobart, and on Saturdays all the boats are on the Derwent and look terrific.

Hobart isn't always up to date with fashions, but when I came here (from the U.K.) I found all the teenagers well dressed. At the moment mod shoes are the fashion, though some rockers still wear points.

In the weekend there's always activity. Rockers go to their clubs, and mods to Sandy Bay dances. On Sunday there is a wonderful jazz club.

For all those people on the mainland who think that Tassie is dead, let me say that this really is a teenager town. — *Alison R. Hodgson, Hobart.*

BEATNIK

"You'll have to excuse George, he's been quite batty lately."

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Fashion quote

REGARDING the opinions expressed on the changing fashions, I would like to quote the famous essayist William Hazlitt (1778-1830).

"Fashion . . . is a continual struggle between 'the great vulgar and the small' to get the start of or keep up with each other in the race of appearances, by the adoption . . . of such external and fantastic symbols as strike the attention and excite the envy or admiration of the beholder.

"It takes the firmest hold of weak, flimsy, and narrow minds, of those whose emptiness conceives of nothing excellent but what is thought so by others, and whose self-conceit makes them willing to confine the opinion of all excellence to themselves and those like them." — *K. Jacob, Walla Walla, N.S.W.*

Disc deaths

DISC jockeys can kill a good record by overplaying it. When the Beatles brought out a new record one Sydney radio station played it every 15 minutes. By the time you have heard the same record 50 times, you are sick of it. Another station played a Rolling Stones record nonstop for an hour at a time.

Publicity is good for a record, without a doubt, but who would want to buy a record he had heard that many times and was tired of already?

On the other hand, some records hardly get any air time. The Beatles and the Stones may be the groups of the day, but we can get too much of them. Wake up to yourselves, disc jockeys, and don't overdo this publicity stuff. — *P. Yuile, Enfield, N.S.W.*

Chemistry

IT has surprised me that chemistry is not more widely favored as a hobby. It is not an expensive one, as most people seem to think, and, with the few common chemicals used by the beginner, it is certainly not dangerous.

Apparatus such as funnels, filter papers, and burners can be improvised at home from old bottles, blotting paper, and scraps of tin and metal. Catalogues are available from most chemical supply firms.

The amusement I have had from this hobby is only equalled by the help it gives with chemistry exams at school. I would like to see more teenagers take it up. — *Peter Goldsworthy, Kadina, S.A.*

Folkniks

LATELY T.W. readers have educated me in the likes, dislikes, and views of mods, rockers, and surfies. Well, I am a folknik, and I think we are starved of publicity — so here goes!

I enjoy the sounds of Peter, Paul and Mary; Joan Baez, Marianne Henderson, Pete Seager, Buddy Holly, and the Beatles.

Liking folksy music means understanding the message of the song.

Instead of getting together shooting the curls, doing the mod's nod, riding around town on high-powered motor-bikes, or sunbaking on the beach we sing around campfires.

I hate greasy black hair on boys, high stiletto heels, racial prejudice, lazy people, and having a hair trim.

In general, the character of a folknik is an easy-going, open one. He or she prefers anonymity in crowds and has a sense of humor.— *"Jenny," Indooroopilly, Qld.*

African complex

AFTER writing to an African newspaper for pen-pals, I received a number of replies, and among them was this one, which I partly quote:

"I'm particularly interested in Australians, but let us get this straight before we go on any further, because I don't intend to hide this fact and cheat you: I'm an African, pure African. So if you feel like it, you may write me off your memory. I'll understand."

After reading this boy's letter I couldn't help thinking how constantly aware these people are about the color of their skin and racial prejudice.

It certainly opened my eyes to see how inferior these people feel — or are made to feel. — *Barbara Hunt, North Rockhampton, Qld.*

Witty teacher

WHEN I went to school in Victoria, one of the boys wrote on the blackboard, "Our teacher is a donkey."

When the teacher walked in he glanced at the board, picked up the chalk, and added the word "driver." Then, without saying anything, started our lesson. That's cool! — *J. V. L. Bosk, Tullendeena, Tas.*

Beauty in brief

FALSE EYELASHES

MANY girls think false eyelashes are strictly for the glamorous beauty, but this isn't necessarily so.

Under 18-year-olds will have to wait, but 18- and 19-year-olds can make their eyes look really beautiful for special dates.

Why not invest in a pair? They cost anything from £1 to £3 for the real mink ones.

There is quite an art in wearing them properly, though.

Trim the base to fit three-quarters of the way along the eyelid — not right to the inner corners.

Graduate the length with small nail scissors so the lashes toward the inner edge of the eye are shorter — it looks more natural.

Squeeze a thin ribbon of the fixative (supplied with the lashes) on to a piece of paper, then touch the lash base to it. (It is difficult to put the glue straight on to the lashes.)

Attach lashes to the outer corner of the lids first, working inwards and keeping close to your own lash roots. Press firmly on to lids with a fingernail or the point of a soft pencil.

When the lashes are really secure you can add a touch of eyeshadow or a dark line above them with an eyebrow pencil or liquid eyeliner.

—CAROLYN EARLE

THE CLASSICS

SCHUBERT: Impromptus

LAST week I discussed a record of Scarlatti harpsichord sonatas played by Wanda Landowska and issued by HMV in its *Great Recordings of the Century* series. The same company has also issued, in its regular list, a Schubert record by one of the great pianists of the same generation as Landowska, Artur Schnabel, who died in 1951.

(It should be noted that in this case the label and jacket make no mention of the age of the original recording.)

Schnabel plays here Schubert's eight Impromptus — works which show to the full Schubert's poetic ardor and gift of melody. Several of these — notably the flowing G-flat Impromptu, Opus 90, No. 3 — anticipate the piano music of the romantics who followed Schubert, such as Schumann and Chopin.

Schnabel was a player of serious purpose and strong personality; he always gave (and gives here) the impression that he, as well as the composer, was speaking to the audience.

Though he was considered in his day to be a classicist, his playing here seems free and romantic alongside the rigorous pianists of today.

—MARTIN LONG

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Brothers' teasing made her dancing mad

● *Four boys used to tease their only sister so unmercifully that their mother thought it would be a good idea to get her daughter "out of their way" and sent her to ballet lessons.*

AND that's how 16-year-old Lois Strike, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Strike, of Pagewood, N.S.W., winner of a scholarship to the London Royal Academy of Dancing, began her career.

"I was only seven years old when I had my first lesson at the Scully Borovansky School of Dancing," Lois said, "and I've been there ever since — as a part-time student for eight years and as a full-time pupil for one year."

Since the Royal Academy Scholarship was first offered to Australian ballet students 28 years ago, 14 girls in N.S.W. and Queensland have won the award.

Of these 14 girls, 12 have been pupils of the Scully Borovansky School and, perhaps, their most famous student and winner of the scholarship is Australian Elaine Fifield.

"I am one of Miss Fifield's greatest admirers — she's a wonderful dancer and a warm, charming person," Lois said.

"Miss Fifield has helped me so much with her advice and her interest in my dancing. But I still can't believe I've won the scholarship — it all seems so unreal and incredible. But it's wonderful."

The scholarship offers Lois a year's study with the Royal Academy of Dancing in London and the chance to join the Academy's own ballet company. "That, of course, depends on how I get on," Lois said.

When Lois applied for the scholarship, although she had gained all major dancing examinations, she was only 15 — two years younger than the majority of applicants.

Lois attributes her success to "a large amount of luck and plenty of hard work."

"You really have to work hard," Lois said. "But I must admit while I was at school I was naughty and used to infuriate the staff — whenever my homework wasn't done there was always the same excuse — ballet."

Lois left school after she gained her Intermediate Certificate in seven subjects. While at school she attended the dancing school three nights a week.

Now as a full-time pupil she has dancing lessons six hours daily as well as a few hours devoted to practice.

"There isn't much time for anything else but dancing as you can see," Lois said, laughing, "but occasionally I do go out or have time to myself."

If Lois goes to a party she stomps, twists, and does the Mod's Nod like anyone else. "I like them," she said. If she has time to herself between lessons and ballet, she knits.

And what does she knit? "Legwarmers," she said. "We wear them over our legs while practising or having lessons. In summer they help to keep your weight down — you perspire so much — and in winter they keep you warm."

Lois will leave for London early in September this year.

"But September seems years away and the scholarship, although a wonderful thrill, is still pretty unreal," Lois said.

— JENNY IRVINE.

LOIS STRIKE (above left) winner of a scholarship to the London Royal Academy of Dancing with a former scholarship winner, Australian ballerina Elaine Fifield.

KIWI OF THE NEVER-NEVER

ROUND ROBIN

● **Well, I'm back from my two weeks' trip to New Zealand.**

THE country has been called by Maoris The Land of The Long White Cloud.

Since my visit I suppose they call it The Land of the Long White Clown!

Now, my mates have been asking what New Zealand birds are like.

They do not refer to kiwis and such-like. They mean Floras not fauna.

I am unable to answer adequately because, like the moa, the breed seems to be extinct.

Strangely enough, I came across more Australian girls than locals.

There are thousands and thousands of Australian lasses on working holidays throughout the country.

For instance, in the many hotels at which I stayed I don't think I met one local waitress.

Of course, perhaps New Zealand girls did not want to meet me.

What with their thermal regions they probably reckoned they can see enough old geezers!

— Robin Adair

HITTING the high spots. Me in the Mount Cook (12,349ft.) area, N.Z. Southern Alps.

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. . . *Margaret Merril.*

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PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Lonely and bored

"I AM 19 years old and came with my parents to Australia two years ago. I have no friends, although I've tried hard to make friends with various people that I have met here and there. Do you know, perhaps, of any clubs which I could join? I speak English fluently. I am so lonely and tired of only going home after work."
S.M., N.S.W.

Yes, I agree that one way to overcome your loneliness is to join a club. Since you live in Sydney, look up the pink pages of the telephone book. Under "Cultural and Educational" you will find numerous clubs with activities ranging from debating and bushwalking to dancing. Of course, there are political and sporting clubs which may be of interest. They, too, are listed in the pink pages under "Organisations."

She's taller

"I LIKE a girl who is a little more than a year younger than I. I am now 18 years old and have known her on a friendly basis for five years. We have gone out together frequently, but each time some other friends have accompanied us. She will not consent to go out with me alone. I think it is because she is taller than I. How could I go about trying to lessen her inferiority complex?"
"Shorty," Vic.

You are only assuming that the reason is her height. Perhaps her parents don't wish her to go out on dates alone with boys. After all, she is only 17. Why not ask her the reason? If it really is on account of her height, then it is up to you, when you are on your group outings, to convince her that it doesn't worry you at all.

Are they suited?

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy of 22 for seven months now. I am 19 and I like him very much and know that his nature is all that I could want in a future husband. He is very thoughtful and understanding in every way. My boyfriend has asked me to marry him in two or three years. I know I don't love him, even though I would like to very much. Do you think I am frightened to love him because I have been hurt in the past? He is very old-fashioned in his tastes, and I like modern fashions. Do you think we are suited? Do you think in time I will love him?"
"Mixed Up," N.S.W.

Whether or not your affection for this young man will blossom into love is something that no one can predict. Are you sure you don't love him now? Some girls often think that love has to be like it is on the movies. But if you don't love him it would be a pity to settle for less, especially since you're young. Why don't you play for time? Take a few months to think about it and then give him your answer.

Fan club

"WE are two girls of 15 and we are interested in Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs. We would like to know if there is a fan club for them, and, if so, could you please tell us the address and facts about joining?"
"Keen," S.A.

Yes, there is a fan club for them. You can get all the information you require by writing to the club, c/o Surf City, 117 Darlinghurst Road, Kings Cross, N.S.W.

Popular friend

"I AM 15 and a little plump. My best friend is very popular with the boys. I am a bit jealous of her sometimes. She is one year younger than I am. She introduces me to boys, but that is as far as it goes. You see, whenever I talk to boys I get very shy and I don't know what to talk about. Is there any way I can overcome this shyness and nervousness?"
"Troubled," W.A.

Perhaps you get glum or silent because your friend is such an immediate success with the boys and you are not. Try not to see her quite so much and make friends with other girls and go out more in group outings. I have a feeling you will shine brighter in other company away from her shadow.

Bad reputation

"WE are two girls of 15 and 16. We often visit a town near us and dress in black slacks and jumpers. Because we do this people say we are cheap. Also, we got mixed up with a gang with a bad reputation. We did nothing wrong, and no one knew about this, but we still feel ashamed of going near them. Please try to help us, because we don't want to have people saying we're cheap."
"Troubled," Vic.

Try changing your dress and friends. It's not the dress but the image projected by the wearer that is most important, but people WILL judge you by your clothes.

He may not know the name of the things that keep him happy all day. But you do: Johnson's.

1. Johnson's Baby Powder absorbs moisture, keeps skin cool and fresh after a bath.
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5. Johnson's Baby Shampoo gets hair singing-clean, but does it without stinging or burning eyes.
6. Johnson's Baby Soap has the special mildness a baby's skin needs — lathers quickly, rinses easily.

Johnson & Johnson

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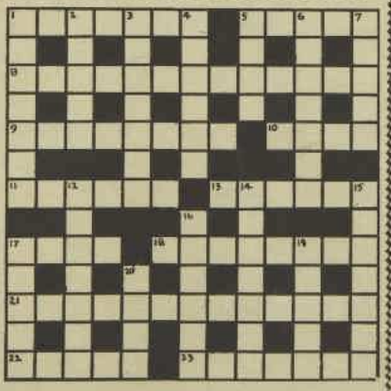
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE and the Chief of Police chase the Mole after the great ruby is stolen at a Charity Ball. Road-blocks are set up after the Mole escapes in a car with the ruby. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Encourage (7).
5. Chop fine ham in celery (5).
8. Filming; sounds murderous, but they are heavenly (8, 5).
9. Story, mostly Biblical, set to music (8).
10. Size of paper for a holder of certain scholarships in Magdalen College, Oxford (4).
11. Emphasis through a disturbed rest in a steamer (6).
13. New wine on the top of a round-up (6).
17. What's in a name? A middle state (4).
18. Teams and authoritative orders (8).
21. Punitive beast with one end for each life (3-1-4-5).
22. Set out ready (5).
23. Ransoms seem red (7).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Aromatic herbs can be used as sprinklers (7).
2. Fragrance in a capital city of the ancient world (5).
3. Toast to military fetes by night (7).
4. Papal ambassador (6).
5. Fog is in the middle (4).
6. Tens are the closest (7).
7. Trial; Lamb was a master of it (5).
12. Rest or a pig for the table (7).
14. This could be said of a letter (7).
15. Opposes, but first upsets its sires (7).
16. Method which a man starts (6).
17. Staffs of authority with several specimens of the second coat of a nutmeg (5).
19. Hackneyed (5).
20. A single time in a concert (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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